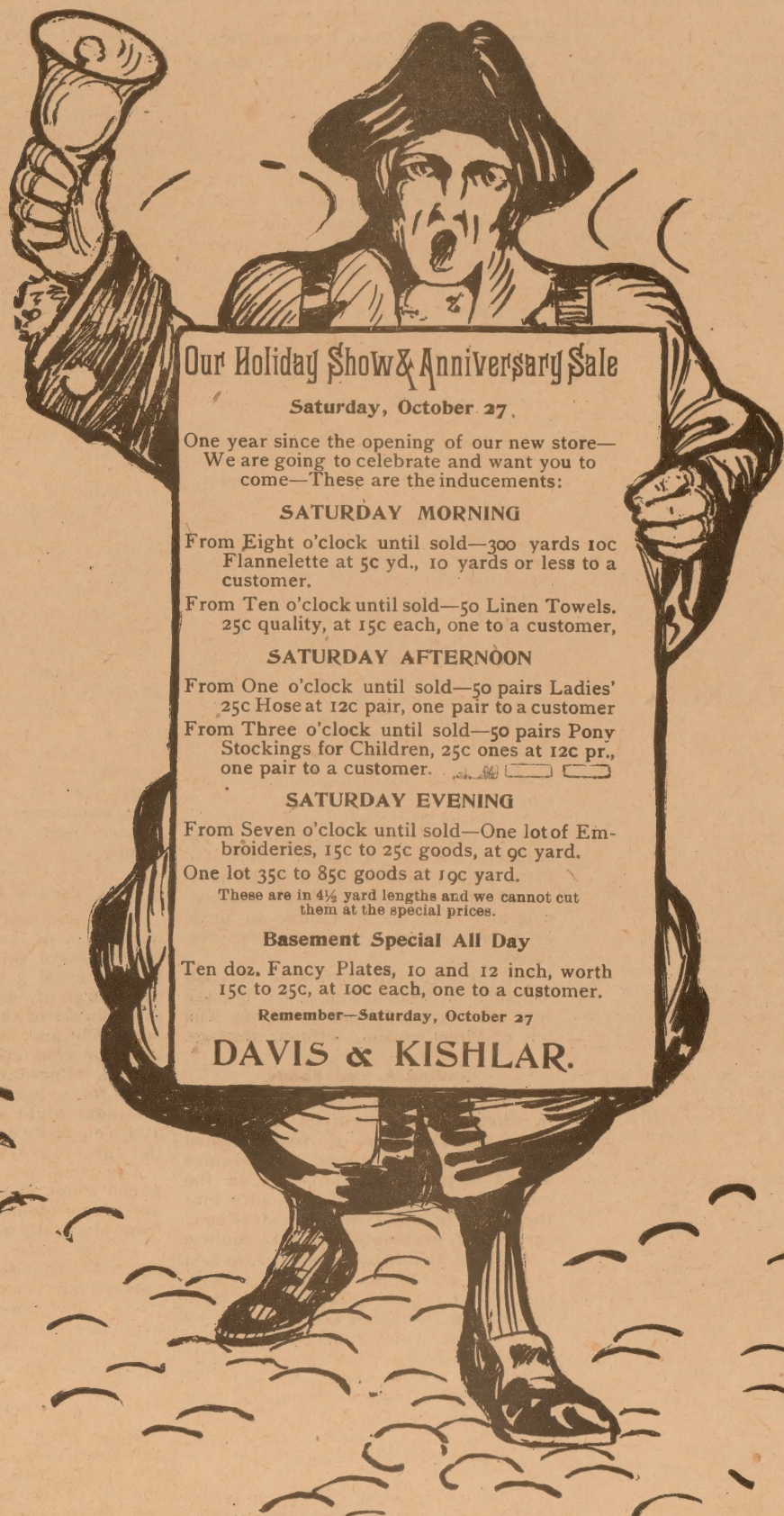


The Ypsilantian

TWENTY-SEVENTH YEAR.

YPSILANTI, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, OCT. 25, 1906.

NUMBER 1399



Our Holiday Show & Anniversary Sale
Saturday, October 27.

One year since the opening of our new store—We are going to celebrate and want you to come—These are the inducements:

SATURDAY MORNING
From Eight o'clock until sold—300 yards 10c Flannellette at 5c yd., 10 yards or less to a customer.
From Ten o'clock until sold—50 Linen Towels, 25c quality, at 15c each, one to a customer.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON
From One o'clock until sold—50 pairs Ladies' 25c Hose at 12c pair, one pair to a customer.
From Three o'clock until sold—50 pairs Pony Stockings for Children, 25c ones at 12c pr., one pair to a customer.

SATURDAY EVENING
From Seven o'clock until sold—One lot of Embroideries, 15c to 25c goods, at 9c yard.
One lot 35c to 85c goods at 19c yard.
There are in 4 1/2 yard lengths and we cannot cut them at the special prices.

Basement Special All Day
Ten doz. Fancy Plates, 10 and 12 inch, worth 15c to 25c, at 10c each, one to a customer.
Remember—Saturday, October 27

DAVIS & KISHLAR.

local legion has now forwarded to Hartford, Conn., was prominent in the decorations. Cards of introduction were used, and a proverb guessing contest and music by Misses Hunter and Ross, followed by light refreshments occupied the evening. The legion found many who are members of the legions elsewhere who are willing to join in the work here, and expect much aid from those who were attracted to the legion by what they learned at the reception.

Mrs. D. C. Ross and Mrs. Banghart of Strathroy, Ont., spent Sunday with their nephew, J. E. McGregor.

L. C. McLouth and Mortimer Tower returned Monday from the exposition and meeting of the American Street Railway and Interurban Association at Columbus, O. The exhibits occupied the grounds and six buildings of the Ohio State Fair Association, and were on the most lavish scale. The Carnegie Steel Co. had a long stretch of track showing their new steel ties, the General Electric Co. occupied one side of a great building, and the exhibits in all represented a value of many thousands of dollars and \$76,000,000 of capital. The gentlemen stayed over to the Michigan-Ohio State football game and said that it was as pretty and even a contest as one could wish, the best of feeling prevailing. Garrels was a wonder in every play, and his place kick for goal and the Ohio safety that made the six points for Michigan that won the game came at the very end of a great contest with no score, that kept the spectators thrilled every minute.

The Baptist Missionary Union held its annual meeting in the chapel Friday afternoon, and listened to a set of reports that were very satisfactory. The following officers were elected: President, Mrs. Frank Arnold; 1st vice-president, Mrs. Marietta Gill; 2d vice-president, Mrs. A. J. Hutchins; secretary, Mrs. G. C. Lawrence; home missions treasurer, Mrs. D. E. Wilber; foreign mission treasurer, Mrs. S. E. Howe. After the business meeting Mrs. Annis Gray sang several songs and Miss Josephine Davidson of Ann Arbor gave two readings.

Mr. and Mrs. John Klopp of Elkhart, Ind., are guests of Mrs. James Court.

The Pi Kappa Sigma Sorority have pledged Misses Sadie Lowden, Marguerite Showman and Ruby Rouse of Ypsilanti, Edith Phillips of Armada and Gladys Brown of Union City.

Amon Shaw and Mrs. James Clark attended the quarterly meeting service at Cone last week.

J. P. Clarke, J. L. Millsbaugh, E. C. Allen, and B. R. Hoffman of the Ypsi-Ann electric road, attended the Street Railway and Interurban Association meeting at Columbus, O., last week.

Gen. and Mrs. Fred W. Green of Ionia called on Ypsilanti friends Sunday on their way home from an auto trip to Detroit. The General has become an expert chauffeur.

Miss Frances Goetz gave a birthday party Saturday, her young friends enjoying a delightful time. Dainty refreshments were served at prettily decorated tables.

Roy S. Head, for two years the Normal's star basketball center and now teaching science at Nashville, was severely burned in the face while trying to blow out an alcohol lamp during an experiment. It is feared his eyes were seriously injured.

Mrs. DeForest Ross attended the State Federation of Women's clubs at Benton Harbor last week and is spending some time with friends in that vicinity. We are indebted to her for papers containing an account of the proceedings.

The school savings this week amounted to \$32.99, distributed as follows: Central, \$14.83; Woodruff, \$15.59; Prospect, \$2.38; Adams, 18 cents. Three bank book transfers were made.

A. A. Watkins, the new night operator at the M. C. R. R. station, has moved his family here. Mrs. Watkins has been spending some time in Indiana.

H. P. Thompson of Stony Creek was a welcome visitor at this office Saturday.

The Komo Club was charmingly entertained by Mrs. E. B. Gooding Friday evening. A guessing contest provided much interest and the first prize was won by Miss Kate McFetridge and the second by Miss Anna Coates. The club will hold a Hallowe'en social at the home of Mrs. Willoughby, Oct. 30.

Erman Scott has returned from the Upper Peninsula, where he has been teaching at Curtis the past six months. His return completes the Midget basketball team that was so efficient at the gymnasium last winter.

The choral union course at Ann Arbor opens Friday evening, Oct. 26, with the incomparable contralto, Mme. Schuman-Heink, who has made a fuore on the concert stage in Germany and this country as great as she made in grand opera. She has a voice of immense compass, brilliancy and richness, and sings magnificently. Single tickets are \$1, but it is urged that all who intend to go to the May Festival buy their course tickets now, which are \$3 at Rogers' and the Normal Conservatory, and so get the five superb winter concerts free. Mme. Schuman-Heink alone is worth the whole \$3. She will give a varied program.

Miss LaVerne Ross has been engaged as assistant in the first grade of the Central building, there being 55 pupils in the room. Miss Ross assists in the room mornings and takes the C section

into one of the high school rooms afternoons.

Mrs. Ellen Ford Lucking, widow of Joseph Lucking of this city, died in Detroit Friday at the home of her son, George W. Lucking, aged 73 years. She was born in Cornwell, Ont., but after her marriage moved to Ypsilanti, where she spent many years. She leaves three sons—George, Thomas and Hon. Alfred Lucking. The funeral was held in Detroit, but the interment was in Highland Cemetery, Rev. William Gardam conducting the service.

Alpheus McPherson was called to Smithville, Ont., Monday by the illness of his father.

Miss Bessie Densmore has returned from Chicago.

Mrs. Eliza Cornwell and Mrs. Harold Totten and baby have returned from Cottage City, Mass.

Miss Myra Johnson of Detroit spent Monday with Mrs. Ella Davis. She will resume her business in this city next month.

Mrs. James Osburn of Owosso is visiting Mrs. N. Hendricks.

William Hay of Russellville, Ark., is visiting in the city.

The Baptist Juniors will give a Hallowe'en party at the church Friday evening at 5:30.

The fourth grade presented a pretty October program at Chapel Monday afternoon under the direction of Miss Grace Gilbert. There were several pretty songs by the grade on autumn themes, recitations by Frank Suckart and Richard Beal, a dainty action song by girls gowned in white, adorned with the autumn leaves that are whirled about by the north wind and sleep under the snow, and another pretty action song.

The work in domestic science in the Normal is so much in demand that Miss Zayda Fish has been appointed to assist Miss Fuller.

Mrs. Carl J. Roberts has returned to Washington, Ia., after a visit with Ypsilanti relatives.

The next artist recital will be given at Normal Hall, Dec. 4, by Arthur Farwell of Massachusetts, a noted musical lecturer and musician, who will give a lecture recital. Mr. Farwell is accounted an exceptionally fine artist. The piano recital by Mme. Birdice Blye has been postponed, as Mme. Blye has a long series of concerts with the Thomas orchestra to fill before she can come here.

The Estabrook Fraternity of the high school gave a pleasant party at the Country Club Saturday evening, chaperoned by Mr. Daley. Kilian's orchestra furnished music. The room was decorated with pumpkins, cornstalks and Japanese lanterns.

Mrs. Harold F. Sayles has returned to Chicago after an extended visit with Mrs. E. E. Jenness.

Mrs. J. P. Clarke, Mrs. William Gardam and Mrs. D. L. Quirk, Jr., entertained the Monday Whist Club and the gentlemen at the Quirk home Friday evening.

George Rathfon and family left this week to spend the winter in Florida.

The B. Y. P. U. gave a delightful reception Tuesday evening to about 150 students. Pretty introduction cards helped all to get acquainted, and beautiful music was given by Mrs. Annis Gray, Arthur Sherwood, Misses Edna Miller, L. Shields and Ethelyn Walker. Light refreshments were served and all had a good time.

The W. F. M. S. of the First Methodist church will meet Friday afternoon with Mrs. G. D. Lockwood.

William H. Birdsall died Tuesday of cancer of the liver and stomach, after a long illness. He leaves a wife, a son and a daughter. The funeral was to-day.

Mrs. M. S. Hall died last evening, after a long illness, aged 63 years. The funeral will be held at the residence, Saturday afternoon at 1:30 o'clock. A fitting memorial will be given next week.

Miss Mary Woodbury is substituting in the training school during the serious illness of Miss Margaret Wise.

Monday, work will begin on straightening up the cupola on the water tower, which has settled to the east alarmingly the past summer. In place of glass windows, the board will put in fine wire screens, which will give less surface for pressure from the west winds.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Bombenak visited the latter's brother in Britton Sunday.

The Myrtle club postponed its Tuesday meeting one week because of the funeral of Mrs. Fred Coe.

Miss Amy Cole of Plymouth spent Sunday with her mother, Mrs. E. Cole.

The October meeting of the D. A. R. will be entertained by Mrs. C. W. Childs, Congress st. Saturday, Oct. 27 at 2:30 p.m. The tenth anniversary of the founding of the Chapter will be celebrated. A paper upon local history will be read by Mrs. E. H. Johnson, and the report of the delegates to the State meeting at St. Clair given.

The Halcyon club found that their preceding election of officers was made without a quorum present, so Tuesday evening they held a large meeting and elected as officers: president, J. E. McAllister; sec., Herbert Bisbee; treas., John Kuster.

Mrs. Jessie L. Pease returned Saturday from an extended visit with Mrs. Alfred Johnston at Toronto, Ont.



THE UNDERWEAR SEASON
Has now arrived and we are prepared to supply you with
Ladies', Gents' & Children's GARMENTS

Children's Vests and Pants at 10c to 50c each
Ladies' Vests and Pants at 25c to \$1.00 each
Men's Shirts and Drawers at 50c to \$1.00 each
Union Suits for Boys or Girls at 50c to \$1.25
Union Suits for Ladies at 75c to \$2.75
Our Puritan Union Suit for Ladies at \$1 is a bargain

Cotton Blankets and Comfortables at 50c, 75c, \$1, \$1.25, up.

Cloak Department full of Latest Novelties

W. H. Sweet & Son.

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DETROIT, MICHIGAN

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Four and One-Half Per Cent
PAYABLE SEMI-ANNUALLY

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S. B. COLEMAN, President. FRANK B. LELAND, Secretary.

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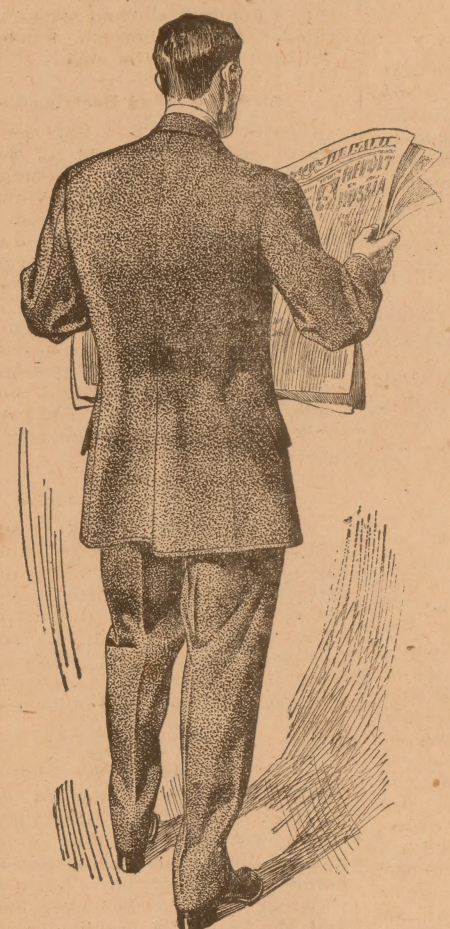
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JOB PRINTING AT THE YPSILANTIAN OFFICE

They All Have To Take Off Their Hats



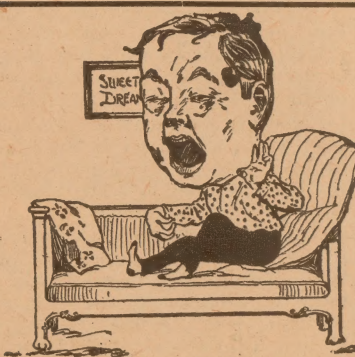
When they compare Wortley's immense stock of Men's, Boys' and Children's Clothing and Furnishings with that of their competitors, because they are showing the largest assortment, newest styles and best values for your money of any house in the city.

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As for the latest attractions in Hats, Caps, Gloves, Shirts, Neckwear and Hosiery, you will always find them at this store.

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C. S. WORTLEY & Co



Are You Awake to the Fact

that there are two ways of supplying your wants in SHOES?

One way, selecting because you "like the looks of the thing," and because it "saves time" to decide quickly. The other way, locating the store with a good reputation for best goods at right prices. With the first, the result is generally dissatisfaction; with the second the pleasing reverse. Wake to the fact that the right store is ours.

P. C. Sherwood & Son The Shoemen

All kinds of Job Printing at The Ypsilantian

Some men seem to consider their marriage certificate as a sort of "paid-up" policy of happiness. They act as if the courtship days were those of paying premiums of compliment, cheerfulness, courtesy, consideration and chivalry, and that marriage cuts off all these premiums of lover-like attention. The only way to get an absolutely guaranteed insurance on matrimony is to keep paying the premiums. Many first-class matrimonial policies lapse just because of these suspended payments. There is a tendency to assume that this love is known and recognized, so why speak of it? This is a dangerous talking for granted of what should be made real, pulsing and vital in thought, word and deed. There is little danger of over-telling this story; it is often the vice of life and inspiration to one hungering and thirsting for the little tendernesses of affection. There are more people on this great, big, rolling earth hungering for sweetness, tenderness, and words of appreciation, genial confidence and generous affection than are starving for bread. With husband and wife these delicate messengers of affection cost so little—sometimes only a thought but it is the thought that is all. Continued courtship after marriage, says the Delinquent, preserves the lover in the husband and the sweetheart in the wife. But courtship is not solitaire; like a quarrel, it requires two to make it a success. It is not the wife alone who needs the gracious sweetness of concentrated comradeship, for husbands who are built on the right lines have the same hunger for loving kindness and kindly loving. Courtship is a vessel of promise that is often wrecked on the shoals of matrimony. Courtship means two mates without a captain; marriage sometimes becomes two captains without a mate.

The Vice of Haste.

Every virtue lies between two vices. Such is the location of the virtue of leisure. Especially in this hurrying age and country, haste becomes a habit and then a disease. If one rushes to the next mail with a letter whose reception, whether this week or next, is no matter at all; if he vaguely feels that not to have to hurry for his car is to begin the day but slackly, evidently he is in the grip of a disease. The spendthrift of his time is no worse than the miser of it, who must needs have every moment at usury, remarks Arthur Colton, in Reader. If procrastination is a thief who steals from to-morrow for the benefit of to-day, he has his counter who steals from to-day for the benefit of to-morrow. Thievery is thievery, and Poor Richard, with his "have you somewhat to do to-morrow, do it today," was a most immoral counselor. This encroaching future must be kept in its place, and justice and courtesy done to the hour which is our guest.

Scientific men have at last discovered how to catch the octopus. All you have to do is to "put salt on his tail." A very fine specimen of the octopus, or as it is more commonly called, the devil-fish, has been added to the New York aquarium. As a general thing it has been found impossible to take this creature alive and in health, because as soon as any object touches one of its tentacles, or "feelers," it fastens to the rocks so tenaciously with the other tentacles that some of the limbs may be, and generally are, torn off. Fishermen lately discovered, however, that salt sprinkled upon the gills of the creature acts as an anesthetic, and renders it temporarily powerless. The specimen in the New York aquarium is said to have been captured in this way.

Mme. Patti, whose approaching retirement is announced, has astonished the world almost as much by her wonderful vitality as by her vocal powers. "I will be young as long as I live," she is said to have declared as a child, and she has fulfilled the promise. Perhaps it is because of her unconquerable optimism. "If there is the tiniest speck of blue in the sky," she says, "and there nearly always is, I look for it, and that makes the whole heaven blue for me." Moreover, she knows the virtues of the open air. "I spend three hours daily in the open air, walking or driving in an open carriage; and I accustom myself to bear the extremes of summer and winter."

Chicago food inspectors have discovered a "food hospital," the business of which has been the re-cooking or "treatment" of food bought very cheap because the swelling of the cans which contained it showed that it was spoiled. The "patients" at this hospital—some thousands of swelled cans—were promptly placed on the dangerous list.

The old-fashioned, bloody kind of football is to be played at Yale this year. Yale may be cunningly scheming to have a big enrollment.

When the German emperor appointed a Jewish banker as director of the colonial office the other day, much surprise was expressed in Berlin that a business man and a Jew had been called to so high an office. Such an appointment would have caused surprise neither in the United States nor in England.

Now that the football season is opening the West Point cadets have no good reason to mourn because the privilege of hazing has been taken away from them.

MICHIGAN EVENTS NOTED

ATTORNEY GENERAL WANTS TO KNOW WHERE THE FINES WENT.

TRAMPS' BLOODY FIGHT

Poverty and Honesty, Restoration and Tears—Various Matters of Note About the State.

Disposal of Fines.

Upon request of Attorney General Bird the Kalamazoo supervisors have ordered an investigation into the fines that have been collected in that county for the past fifteen years and what the county has spent the money for. Just the reason for the request is not known. It is not believed that there has been any irregularity in the fine system of the county, but the request of the attorney general causes considerable surprise.

The supervisors ordered the work begun at once and made an appropriation to cover the expense. The fines collected in that county during the period stated will amount to probably hundreds of thousands of dollars and to find out what the amount has been spent for will take months.

Tramps in a Scrap.

Covered with blood and with bad wounds about their heads, four tramps, John Kelly, of Buffalo, John Clancy, of Menominee, Frank Linerick, of Cleveland, and Barney Doyle, of Pittsburgh, were taken to the station in Jackson Saturday. Kelly was serious, injured, and did not regain consciousness for some time.

They were engaged in a free for all fight in a saloon, in which beer bottles and glasses were used with terrible effect.

There is said to have been bad feeling existing between the men, and when they met in the saloon war broke out.

Linerick had his trousers loaded down with 37 bogus rings.

Retored the Money.

The tragedy of poverty was never better illustrated than in the experience of Charles Thomas, of Kalamazoo, a helplessly crippled man who supports himself in a precarious manner by selling lead pencils from a wheel chair which he propels painfully about the streets. On Friday he picked up a purse containing \$25 and although that amount was a fortune to him he hastened to police headquarters as quickly as he could and there met Mrs. K. Miller, a poor woman, deserted by her husband and who is supporting three children by days' work. She had come to report the loss of the purse and she wept with joy as it was returned to her.

Thomas was so touched by the woman's emotion and her story of her own struggles that he wept in sympathy and the two left the station together.

Ground Up by Car.

"Yes, that's my husband's mustache and nose," said the wife of August Hehn, of Detroit, when Undertaker Creighton opened before her eyes a cigarbox full of small portions of the man killed by a car in Michigan avenue, near the city limits, early Thursday morning.

The body was literally cut to pieces, and it was with difficulty that the remains were gathered together and taken to the county morgue.

Hehn was 44 years old and leaves a widow and six children. He had been working for the Schneider company for some time and lived with his family at the brickyard. He left home Wednesday evening to attend a meeting of a German society, his purpose being to pay an insurance assessment, and was on his way home when run down by a car, supposed to have been a suburban.

Buried Side by Side.

The death of Willis Hobbs and of Arthur Lawson, of Jackson, brings out a strange parallel in the lives of these two men. They were born within 24 hours of each other 20 years ago. They played together as children, were in the same classes in school, remained close friends after school days, and when they married settled within a block of each other. Five weeks ago both were taken to their beds, Hobbs with typhoid fever and Lawson with tuberculosis. Hobbs died late Thursday night, and within a few hours Lawson gave up the struggle. Hobbs was buried Saturday. Great was the surprise of the friends of both men when attending Lawson's funeral Sunday they saw that his grave was in an adjoining lot. This was by coincidence, not design.

Three Killed and Many Injured.

Passenger train No. 8, of the Washington railroad, running from Kansas City to Buffalo, N. Y., known as the Buffalo mail, ran in Danville, Ill., at 4:52 a. m., due into an open switch west of Catlin, Ill., early Wednesday, and crashed into a section of a freight train. The passenger coaches, except one, were overturned and burned.

Three persons are known to have been killed. Several others are missing. Thirty-seven injured are being taken care of at Danville hospitals.

A. C. McGraw, of Bloomfield Hills, after experiments, says pepperoni can be raised successfully in that section.

Louis Vessels, of Flint, while working in a pipe works at Ballard, Wash., was struck and fatally injured in the head by a pipe from a machine. He had been married only a few days.

For the first time in the history of Bay City a woman conducted regular Sunday services. Miss Bessie Fox, daughter of A. W. and Mrs. C. L. Fox, aged 29, and very good looking, occupied the pulpit in the First Congregational church.

Judge Martin Van Den Berg, the famous "marrying justice" of Menominee, advises that he will give a fine cabinet photo of himself to each couple who comes to him to be married.

Since the state law providing for a bounty on sparrows was repealed two years ago the birds have continued to increase until they are an intolerable nuisance. At the request of farmers' organizations the Genesee county supervisors passed a bounty law, giving a reward of 2 cents a head for each sparrow turned over to the city, village or township clerks.

Is There a Coal Combine?

Developments during the past few days have raised the question in the minds of some whether the government is not collecting evidence for the purpose of beginning prosecutions against the anthracite coal trust for violation of the anti-trust law, or the railroads for violation of the new rate bill; one or both.

The visits of a mysterious gentleman to several towns in Michigan has raised this question. This man, whose name is said to be Reynold or Wyeth—he is understood to have gone by both names—has kept his movements secret. He did not reside at any of the hotels in towns where he stopped. But he has quietly been asking questions about the coal business. It would never have been known that any such man was making the rounds had not a man who was formerly in the coal business in one of these cities given it away. A dealer has admitted that Reynold, if not Wyeth, was in Kalamazoo; but it has been impossible to find him or to learn anything about his movements while he was there. He is now said to be in Grand Rapids. Previous to coming to Kalamazoo, he was in Battle Creek.

Some very interesting conditions about the coal business conditions which indicate that the coal barons of the east practically own the small retailers in cities and dictate the prices at which coal shall be sold to the consumer, have been uncovered. The unanimity of dealers in Kalamazoo, Grand Rapids and Battle Creek in maintaining a fixed price for the commodity aroused the suspicion that local combines exist.

"Blood for Blood."

James D'Angelo, of the Detroit Italian colony, has confessed that he killed his brother, whose dead body was found in a stone yard. When told of the confession the mother of the boy said: "I do not believe my boy would murder his brother, but if he did my eyes are closed. I never want to see him again, and he must suffer. The death must be avenged; I call upon the vendetta! Blood for blood!" The father said: "I cannot believe my boy murdered his own brother, but if he did, I want to avenge the death of my son with his head! If he will not kill him in this state, take him to another. Blood for blood!"

MICHIGAN IN BRIEF.

The State Whist association will meet in this city October 22 and 23.

Claude Fields, aged 35, of Charlotte, was killed by a train on which he was conductor, at Joliet, Ill.

Mrs. J. Nelson, wife of a Monitor township farmer, drank a mixture of fly poison and died of resultant peritonitis.

Human bones were found by workmen excavating on the former site of a Kalamazoo saloon of unsavory reputation.

The low water in Kalamazoo river causes a fear of a typhoid epidemic. The river bed is filled with refuse from the sewers.

A fall while attending a party about a month ago has resulted in the death of Miss Lucille Read, aged 19, of Kalamazoo.

James Fairbanks, a Holland farmer, aged 64 years, was killed when thrown backwards from his wagon while picking apples.

The 4-year-old daughter of Richard DeWright, of Allegan, backed into a wash boiler of boiling water and was fatally scalded.

With deliberate intention of getting in jail to have a warm place to live, Lizele Alpino, a Hungarian who has been out of work, smashed a \$100 plate glass window in Lansing and got three months.

"Jack the Insultor" is still at work in the vicinity of the Ann Arbor university residence section. A third case where this man has approached a woman with outrageous language has been reported.

John Parrish, aged 35, a woodsman, while skidding logs near Paynesville, was killed by a blow of a log which had caught in the roots of a tree and sprang up when suddenly released. Parrish's back was broken.

Miss Grace Driggs, an Adrian society woman, attempted to saddle a horse in her brother's barn when the animal kicked her in the face, causing a compound fracture of both jaws and tearing the right ear nearly off.

Battle Creek business men are much incensed over a report sent out to the effect that a typhoid fever epidemic has struck the city. As a matter of fact there are less than two dozen cases there, nothing remarkable for a city of 30,000 population.

Charles Symonds passed in front of a team pulling a heavily loaded cart in the boiler room of the Chapin mine. The pole broke and the horses lurched forward, the pole striking Symonds in the abdomen and pinning him against a beam. He died in a short time.

Dressed as a little school girl and wearing a daintily trimmed straw hat, Miss Dredas Joyce, as a part of her initiation into the Kappa Delta Psi high school sorority, wheeled a doll cab through the business part of Battle Creek while the other girls walked on the opposite side of the street and made fun at her expense.

Vincent Czupinski, aged 15, of Bay City, who, a month ago, stole \$329 worth of clothing, was arrested at his home, returned \$290, which he left on his uncle's doorstep and then ran to his father's home. He refuses to tell where he has been or how he spent the missing \$30.

While hunting partridges, Albert Lavigne, of Lake Linden, shot himself Thursday, inflicting a dangerous wound.

All Kalamazoo hard coal dealers are charged \$8 a ton for hard coal. It is rumored that there is a government of local here looking into an alleged combine.

The supervisors of Calhoun county have restored the county game warden's salary to \$2.50 a day, instead of 50 cents, voted a year ago for actual time spent at his work. Without some surveillance hunters became careless and the farmers' live stock and poultry suffered.

W. C. Blackman, of Kingsley, has bought the burned lighting plant at South Boardman and will rebuild it.

Daniel Nicholas and William Davidson have brought mandamus proceedings against the township board of Whitewater because it has refused to accept their bonds for a saloon in Williamsburg, which has no saloon.

A spark from the engine in a thrashing machine on the farm of Cedar Rapids, Wisc., resulted in the loss of a machine and the entire crop, valued at \$2,000, besides a barn. The stables and machinery were valued at about \$2,000. No insurance.

SIDE LIGHTS ON MICHIGAN

THE ASSAULT OF ANN ARBOR'S CHIEF OF POLICE STILL AT LARGE.

SHOT IN COLD BLOOD

Raymond Kent, Who Fired the Shot, Escapes—The Wounded Officer May Recover From the Serious Wound.

Victim May Survive.

Chief of Police Charles Masten, of Ann Arbor, was shot down in cold blood in a dark hallway in "lower town" by Raymond Kent, aged 23, whom he had gone to arrest. Kent escaped and is now being hunted for by a gun and some cartridges. Chief Masten is on the brink of death in the University hospital. The charge of shot struck him full in the abdomen, ranging downward, having been fired from the head of a stairway while the chief stood at the bottom.

There were some threats of violence toward Kent, captured, but they were only individual outbreaks. Kent had a fight early in the evening with Louis Tukerman, who was "shooting up" a billiard room. Kent left the place with the intention of getting a weapon. He ran nearly a mile to the home of W. J. Randall and his son, George, and asked to be allowed to borrow a gun and some cartridges.

The Randalls live in the upstairs portion of a half of a double house. Young Randall admitted Kent and gave him the weapon and ammunition and Kent was about to leave when Chief Masten, accompanied by his brother, Frank, and Patrolman Clark, arrived in the house, having been warned of Kent's presence. The chief and his brother met Minnie Kent, the fugitive's sister, who was just going home, and she shouted to them not to "beat up" her brother as he was insane.

Masten entered the hall door which was unlocked and shouted: "Ray come down here. I want to talk to you." "You can't speak to me," came the reply, followed by oaths and vicious names, and then the shot was fired.

Chief Masten's companions carried him to the buggy and his brother drove him to the hospital as rapidly as possible, while Officer Clark remained to guard the house. While he was watching the front, however, George Randall let Kent out the back way and he escaped. Young Randall is in jail as an accomplice in the shooting.

The "lower town," where the shooting occurred, causes the police more trouble than any other section. It is the "old" Ann Arbor and some of its oldest houses are occupied by negroes and poor whites.

The condition of Chief Masten Monday morning was encouraging. He passed a very comfortable night. The only thing that saved his life is the fact that he wore a heavy overcoat.

The charge of duckshot passed through his chest, and he was bleeding from the vest, shirt and underwear. The wound is not a torn one, as might have been expected; it is described as "pepper-box." In the chances are that the chief will recover.

Women Who Work.

Malcolm J. McLeod, state labor commissioner, told the state federation of women's clubs that there were 38,857 females employed in Michigan factories in 1906 compared with 14,026 only 10 years ago. Including stores, hotels and business offices he estimated that 75,000 women are at work at painful occupations.

"How can we remedy these conditions? I am a firm believer in organization, and I believe that every woman's club in Michigan can do much to ameliorate the condition of the women wage-earners, especially in their own neighborhood," Corbridge said.

He said that the state federation of women's clubs is a still stronger body, capable of leading in almost any beneficial work—the more so in a work so vital to their own sex. Is it not worth a supreme effort?

Found Dead and Nude.

The finding of the almost nude body of Bert Sweet, aged 38, of Ovid, in the woods two miles southwest of Reed City apparently uncovered a rather mysterious murder or a most peculiar suicide. The three boys who came across the corpse while hunting first found portions of his clothing scattered about and his body was covered with bruises. Papers in his clothing showed him to have been a member of the Second United States Artillery, Troop A, honorably discharged December 27, 1893. He had applied for a pension, claiming heart trouble induced by army service.

An Ovid dispatch says that Sweet left there to work in the woods at Marion, near Reed City.

Pioneer Gone.

News came to Battle Creek Saturday of the sudden death at Dallas, Texas, of Edward H. Pratt, one of Battle Creek's best known pioneers. Before Mr. Pratt went to Texas he celebrated his sixtieth wedding anniversary, at which was exhibited a part of his long life.

Mr. Pratt was of French descent, his bride, Elizabeth Hathaway, nine children, most of them belonging to families of prominence, survive, including Mrs. Morgan M. Lewis and Mrs. Carrie Graves, of that city.

George Eby, aged 32, potato dealer, fell in slighting from a G. M. & L. train at Sand Lake and was fatally injured.

A requisition on the governor of Ohio for Earl Fouts was issued by Gov. Warner. Fouts is charged with robbing the jewelry store of William Bugg in Jackson, several months ago. The prisoner is under arrest.

Mrs. Mollie Kemp, who was arrested in Port Huron with her husband for the killing of their infant child, has been discharged on account of lack of evidence to connect her with the crime. Kemp is now bound over to the circuit court for trial.

Driving directly in front of a Michigan Central train near Gibraltar, August Wingel was struck by the engine and instantly killed. He was 35 years old, a farmer near Gibraltar, and leaves a widow and one child.

Charles W. Pickford, who died in Washington, D. C., aged 78, lived in the Soo until five years ago, when he retired from the day goods business. Three daughters and six sons survive.

Mrs. James Pascoe, of Hancock; Misses Myrtle and Gertrude Pickford, of Washington; A. S. Pickford, of the Soo; Frank G. Pickford, of Munising; and Samuel W. Thomas, W. W. E. and Charles Pickford, of Washington.

Met Horrible Death.

Edgar Gifford, chief engineer of the steamer Mary, met a horrible death in the engine room of the boat on Lake St. Clair Thursday afternoon. His clothing caught in the machinery and he was hurled round and round, his head and body beating against the floor and beams of the hold.

Gifford had gone into the hold to oil the machinery and soon the second engineer heard a peculiar tramping noise. The engine would shiver a little with each revolution and going into the hold to ascertain the trouble the second engineer was horrified to see Gifford's body whirling around. The engine was immediately stopped and the mangled remains were extricated and brought to Detroit.

The unfortunate man was about 50 years of age and resided in Willow, Mich. He leaves a widow and one son.

A Long Launch Trip.

From Holland, Mich., to New Orleans and across the gulf of Mexico to Mobile in a gasoline launch is a trip that might cause many men to hesitate about the trip. But that is what is planned by Lloyd G. Doty, Lloyd C. Getman and Harry C. Weatherwax, of Grand Rapids, and Will and Frank Hancock, of Holland. They will start from Holland in a 35-foot launch with a 30-horse draft and a 12-horse power engine. They will cross Lake Michigan and then go down the Illinois and Mississippi rivers to New Orleans, then across Lake Pontchartrain to the gulf and up Mobile bay. They will carry special collapsible beds which they have devised and will have a goodly supply of provisions and besides will take firearms to help out the larder. They expect to take from 60 to 80 days for the trip.

THE MARKETS.

Detroit—Extra dry-fed steers and heifers, \$10.00; extra dry-fed steers and heifers, \$9.00; extra dry-fed steers and heifers, \$8.00; extra dry-fed steers and heifers, \$7.00; extra dry-fed steers and heifers, \$6.00; extra dry-fed steers and heifers, \$5.00; extra dry-fed steers and heifers, \$4.00; extra dry-fed steers and heifers, \$3.00; extra dry-fed steers and heifers, \$2.00; extra dry-fed steers and heifers, \$1.00; extra dry-fed steers and heifers, \$0.00.

Sheep and lambs—Market steady at last week's opening prices; best lambs, \$12.50; fair to good, \$11.00; light to common lambs, \$10.00; fair to good, \$9.00; light to common, \$8.00; extra, \$7.00; medium, \$6.00; poor, \$5.00; stage, 1-3 off.

Hogs—Market 20c lower than last week and dull. Range of prices: Light to good, \$10.00; fair to good, \$9.00; light to common, \$8.00; fair to good, \$7.00; light to common, \$6.00; extra, \$5.00; medium, \$4.00; poor, \$3.00; stage, 1-3 off.

Chicago—Market slow and 10c lower; best, \$10.00; fair to good, \$9.00; light to common, \$8.00; fair to good, \$7.00; light to common, \$6.00; extra, \$5.00; medium, \$4.00; poor, \$3.00; stage, 1-3 off.

Sheep—Market steady; sheep, \$5.00; lambs, \$4.00; stage, 1-3 off.

EAST BUFFALO—What few good cattle were on the market sold steady to strong at last week's prices, no strictly choice being on sale, the tone bringing \$2.00 to \$2.50 for choice, \$1.50 to \$2.00 for good, \$1.00 to \$1.50 for fair, \$0.50 to \$1.00 for light to common, \$0.25 to \$0.50 for poor.

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Sheep—Market steady; sheep, \$5.00; lambs, \$4.00; stage, 1-3 off.

Grain, Etc.

Detroit—Wheat—Cash No. 2 red, 74 1/2c; No. 2 white, 75 1/2c; No. 2 yellow, 76 1/2c; No. 2 white, 77 1/2c; No. 2 yellow, 78 1/2c; No. 2 white, 79 1/2c; No. 2 yellow, 80 1/2c; No. 2 white, 81 1/2c; No. 2 yellow, 82 1/2c; No. 2 white, 83 1/2c; No. 2 yellow, 84 1/2c; No. 2 white, 85 1/2c; No. 2 yellow, 86 1/2c; No. 2 white, 87 1/2c; No. 2 yellow, 88 1/2c; No. 2 white, 89 1/2c; No. 2 yellow, 90 1/2c; No. 2 white, 91 1/2c; No. 2 yellow, 92 1/2c; No. 2 white, 93 1/2c; No. 2 yellow, 94 1/2c; No. 2 white, 95 1/2c; No. 2 yellow, 96 1/2c; No. 2 white, 97 1/2c; No. 2 yellow, 98 1/2c; No. 2 white, 99 1/2c; No. 2 yellow, 100 1/2c; No. 2 white, 101 1/2c; No. 2 yellow, 102 1/2c; No. 2 white, 103 1/2c; No. 2 yellow, 104 1/2c; No. 2 white, 105 1/2c; No. 2 yellow, 106 1/2c; No. 2 white, 107 1/2c; No. 2 yellow, 108 1/2c; No. 2 white, 109 1/2c; No. 2 yellow, 110 1/2c; No. 2 white, 111 1/2c; No. 2 yellow, 112 1/2c; No. 2 white, 113 1/2c; No. 2 yellow, 114 1/2c; No. 2 white, 115 1/2c; No. 2 yellow, 116 1/2c; No. 2 white, 117 1/2c; No. 2 yellow, 118 1/2c; No. 2 white, 119 1/2c; No. 2 yellow, 120 1/2c; No. 2 white, 121 1/2c; No. 2 yellow, 122 1/2c; No. 2 white, 123 1/2c; No. 2 yellow, 124 1/2c; No. 2 white, 125 1/2c; No. 2 yellow, 126 1/2c; No. 2 white, 127 1/2c; No. 2 yellow, 128 1/2c; No. 2 white, 129 1/2c; No. 2 yellow, 130 1/2c; No. 2 white, 131 1/2c; No. 2 yellow, 132 1/2c; No. 2 white, 133 1/2c; No. 2 yellow, 134 1/2c; No. 2 white, 135 1/2c; No. 2 yellow, 136 1/2c; No. 2 white, 137 1/2c; No. 2 yellow, 138 1/2c; No. 2 white, 139 1/2c; No. 2 yellow, 140 1/2c; No. 2 white, 141 1/2c; No. 2 yellow, 142 1/2c; No. 2 white, 143 1/2c; No. 2 yellow, 144 1/2c; No. 2 white, 145 1/2c; No. 2 yellow, 146 1/2c; No. 2 white, 147 1/2c; No. 2 yellow, 148 1/2c; No. 2 white, 149 1/2c; No. 2 yellow, 150 1/2c; No. 2 white, 151 1/2c; No. 2 yellow, 152 1/2c; No. 2 white, 153 1/2c; No. 2 yellow, 154 1/2c; No. 2 white, 155 1/2c; No. 2 yellow, 156 1/2c; No. 2 white, 157 1/2c; No. 2 yellow, 158 1/2c; No. 2 white, 159 1/2c; No. 2 yellow, 160 1/2c; No. 2 white, 161 1/2c; No. 2 yellow, 162 1/2c; No. 2 white, 163 1/2c; No. 2 yellow, 164 1/2c; No. 2 white, 165 1/2c; No. 2 yellow, 166 1/2c; No. 2 white, 167 1/2c; No. 2 yellow, 168 1/2c; No. 2 white, 169 1/2c; No. 2 yellow, 170 1/2c; No. 2 white, 171 1/2c; No. 2 yellow, 172 1/2c; No. 2 white, 173 1/2c; No. 2 yellow, 174 1/2c; No. 2 white, 175 1/2c; No. 2 yellow, 176 1/2c; No. 2 white, 177 1/2c; No. 2 yellow, 178 1/2c; No. 2 white, 179 1/2c; No. 2 yellow, 180 1/2c; No. 2 white, 181 1/2c; No. 2 yellow, 182 1/2c; No. 2 white, 183 1/2c; No. 2 yellow, 184 1/2c; No. 2 white, 185 1/2c; No. 2 yellow, 186 1/2c; No. 2 white, 187 1/2c; No. 2 yellow, 188 1/2c; No. 2 white, 189 1/2c; No. 2 yellow, 190 1/2c; No. 2 white, 191 1/2c; No. 2 yellow, 192 1/2c; No. 2 white, 193 1/2c; No. 2 yellow, 194 1/2c; No. 2 white, 195 1/2c; No. 2 yellow, 196 1/2c; No. 2 white, 197 1/2c; No. 2 yellow, 198 1/2c; No. 2 white, 199 1/2c; No. 2 yellow, 200 1/2c; No. 2 white, 201 1/2c; No. 2 yellow, 202 1/2c; No. 2 white, 203 1/2c; No. 2 yellow, 204 1/2c; No. 2 white, 205 1/2c; No. 2 yellow, 206 1/2c; No. 2 white, 207

CLINK OF GOLD DRAWS CHINESE

Regular Traffic Done in the Smuggling of
These Objectionable People to America.

RICHES FOR "CONTRABAND" DEALERS

Ingenious Schemes Devised to Elude the Watchfulness of
Customs Officers—Schooner Frolic with Cargo of
Coolies, Driven into the Harbor of Provi-
dence, R. I., a Case in Point.

Boston.—It is the lure of wages so high that five years' savings make a fortune that is drawing venturesome Chinese these days into the country by novel shifts and in strange disguises.

Officially the smuggling of Celestials across the borders is dead. Experts in immigration and some inspectors will say when questioned that there is no such thing. As a matter of fact, however, although the Chinese population of the United States is not increasing, and timidity and the severity of the enforcement of the exclusion act deter many who might otherwise attempt to gain this promised land, plans for getting the contraband race into the United States are bolder and more skilfully concocted than ever.

Messages sent along the New England coast a few days ago to intercept the Frolic, a schooner yacht, with her consignment of 35 coolies, called public attention to the fact that the Chinese are still mindful of the opportunities offered in this country. Tactics similar to those attributed to the vessel's crew are used by shrewd speculators, many of whom are Americans. Chinese who have persistence and courage are able to make their way here in spite of the utmost vigilance of the authorities.

From a sentimental point of view it would appear that Chinese would not care to come here for fear they would be subjected to indignities by the inspectors who are stationed at ports of entry and in the principal cities and towns on both the northern and southern borders. This does not apply to the more conservative of the race, but there are hundreds of shrewder and bolder spirits who see a chance to gain wealth and they miss

at the highest figures. To keep up with their work some of the larger Chinese laundries have been obliged to hire white help. Others whose proprietors cannot get along under such an arrangement are selling their establishments. Chinese laundries are at present for sale by the score because of the scarcity in the labor market.

Chinese laundrymen who save \$30 a month out of their wages are common. It costs only four dollars a month to maintain one person in China. A laundryman in this city, for instance, may send money home to maintain wife and children, also his parents and the parents of his wife. If he needs to say nothing of contributing to the support of a needy member of the clan, and yet be able to have a substantial emergency fund.

Within a year or so an expert laundryman may establish a shop of his own or found a "little business" in oriental wares. If he does he may go to China, visit as long as he wishes and boldly pass through a port of



Across the Mexican Border.

entry as a merchant, for he is entitled to that privilege under the law. The ironing board, at the present time, however, is the best means by which the average Chinaman may find life smooth and profitable.

To get a chance to avail himself of present conditions in the labor market Chinese who have initiative or are under the direction of some American adventurer who is bold and resourceful frequently make their way here by methods underground and over sea.

Officers Fooled by
Ingenious Makeup.

Although smuggling them across the Canadian border is now almost stopped, some of the most ingenious schemes are employed with success. It is a popular fallacy that all Chinese look alike and that no matter how they are arrayed they will betray at a glance their oriental origin. There are white men in Vancouver, B. C., who do not accept that theory, for by shrewd manipulation they are able to convert the most thoroughgoing Chinese into an American or Canadian farmer.

A coarse shirt, a pair of blue overalls and a straw hat will work wonders in the hands of an expert. Parties of Chinese going across the Dominion in bond not infrequently leave the trains 40 or 50 miles before reaching the boundaries of the United States. Here they are taken in hand by one who understands something of theatrical makeup and converted into tramps, farmers or whatever he thinks would be best suited to their talents. After that it is a walk to the border, and in many cases it is possible for the coolies to gain their destination. Once within the borders of this country they usually growl 40 or 50 miles farther before they think it safe to board a train and proceed in a more conventional manner.

Chinese have been intercepted in the state of Washington making their way on boats in the rivers, ostensibly bound to work as laborers on some of

the large farms. They are disguised as immigrants of other nationalities. Many of them have essayed the roles of Italians, after incensing themselves in corduroy jackets and trousers and tying gayly colored silken handkerchiefs about their necks.

It is along the Rio Grande border, however, that the smuggling of disguised Chinese is conducted with consummate finesse. The scheme in use there, if followed by a really capable Chinaman, are usually effective. Hundreds of the more intelligent are landed in Havana and at Mexican ports, whence they can make their way to this country.

Chinese immigration is welcomed in Mexico. There is a tradition preserved in the old histories of the Celestial empire that centuries ago trading junks from China landed on the western coast of Mexico and opened up commercial relations with the subjects of Montezuma. The Chinese often have in mind this ancient relation when they go to the country over which rules President Diaz. The Chinese learn Spanish, adopt the Mexican dress and manners, learn to wear a sombrero with grace and often, after waiting for two years to perfect themselves in being imitation Mexicans, they boldly cross the southern border and make their way to the nearest Chinatown.

Many Cross Border
Disguised as Nuns.

Some of the Chinese under the direction of shrewd agents have even passed over both the Canadian and Rio Grande borders disguised as nuns. Most of them are born imitators, and once they have seen their instructor in familiar poses they follow his directions to the letter.

Little is heard these days of the spectacular methods of running the blockade which were once employed by eager Chinese and have dropped to disuse. Chinese no longer have themselves packed up in boxes or chests and sent by express; neither do they go in vans, which are likely to be suddenly tipped into rivers. There are seldom wild chases across the snow from Canada to the United States, with accompaniments of baying hounds and barking revolvers. Such methods are irregular and unreliable and they have been supplanted by those which are esteemed as more businesslike.

Chinese are not welcomed in Canada any more than they are here and a head tax of \$500 each is placed upon them. It is regarded as, in fact, prohibitive. Until three months ago, when a \$300 head tax was assessed, they at \$300 a head, no such tax was exacted in Newfoundland.

Chinese could be carried in bond from Vancouver without having to pay the impost demanded of them in the Dominion, and the result has been that many of them availed themselves of those conditions. It was until quite recently the custom to permit Chinese who were supposed to be on their way to the United States with proper credentials to remain in Canada for 90 days before they were notified to proceed with their journey. By a special arrangement, however, with

high wages and the industrial opportunities here make the game for them well worth the candle if they succeed.

Return Weather Ends
Trip of "Slave Ship."

In this connection a real life story of the sea, of smuggling and adventure, thrilling pursuits and hairbreadth escapes, and the perilous voyage of a little schooner, under whose battered down hatches was a cargo such as the slavers of the story books carried, ended when the Frolic of Boston was discovered by chance in the harbor of Providence, R. I.

It was the sea that had been its refuge that finally wrought the undoing of the Frolic and foisted its adventure after it had played tag with revenue cutters and customs officers for weeks along the coast. The Frolic was a battered and crippled ghost of a boat when it crept into port with 42 woebegone and starving Chinamen in its hold. In the night, while it was believed the crew of a storm beaten fishing boat was repairing damage, dories went to and from the shore and the Frolic and 27 Chinamen were landed.

The Chinamen were still being taken ashore and hidden in coal heaps, when a man employed on one of the pockets on a dock stumbled across a shivering group of Chinamen and gave the alarm. A little later customs and immigration officers swooped down on the Frolic and captured 15 Chinamen and two of the crew. Skipper H. K. Colby, of Boston, who led the adventure, and his mate, "Al" Adams, slipped away in a dory and escaped. On shore officers captured John C. Lehmann, of Boston, whose part in the adventure was conveying and smuggling Chinamen to the refuge of the Chinese quarter in Providence.

The two members of the crew of the Frolic who were captured said the little vessel had beaten about the coast from Eastport, Me., to Cape Hatteras for two weeks, dodging revenue cutters and coast guards, and buffeted by storms. They said the Frolic's captain only took the desperate chance of running into Providence when the little vessel had seen no other way out.

A Good Fellow.
"What kind of a man is Higgins?"
"He's a good fellow. He'd borrow your last dollar in order to lend it to somebody that he thought needed it more than you do."—Washington Star.

Claim to American
Birth Is Common.

One of the problems which have worried the Chinese inspectors stationed at Malone, which is the point in this state where many Chinese are brought from Canada, is the nativity clause. Scores of them present themselves and submit to arrest, for they have about them as a usual thing nothing which indicates any claims which they may be inclined to make.

PAPERS WALL WITH CHECKS.

Remind Owner of Time When He
Was Prosperous.

Sitting hours a day gazing reminiscently at the walls of a square room papered with canceled bank checks, Gerald de Costa, a queer old character, is passing the last days of his life, says a New York World correspondent at River Dens, Cape Breton. Physicians say that he has an incurable disease and order him to lie down, but he insists on sitting up, that he may look at the checks.

De Costa went from London to Chicago after the great fire which devastated the Windy city and became a prosperous grain merchant. He continued to wax rich until the panic of 1893, when he was forced to the wall and left practically penniless. While wealthy he did a big business through banks, and as he always kept the checks after they had come back through the clearing house he had nearly a trunkful at the time, he

Hardly have they been taken into custody, however, when relatives or friends, accompanied by a shrewd lawyer, go to the rescue with birth certificates and affidavits which show that the persons detained were really born in the United States and as such are entitled to admission. It is estimated by a prominent inspector that if all the claims to American birth made by Chinese be true every Chinese family in this country must have 75 children.

Chinese of intelligence who can give any evidence that they are not laborers, but actually merchants, are able to get into the United States with little trouble. One of the familiar schemes—and it is one which is often successful—is employed by merchants for the benefit of friends and relatives here. The merchant will practically close out his business, leaving, however, a few outstanding accounts. Sometimes, if his customers are good pay, two or three obliging friends may consent to be debtors. The merchant, after comfortably establishing himself in China, sends his friend or kinsman over to the United States to close out his business, looking after his bad debts and generally adjusting things. duly certified accounts are shown to the inspectors to demonstrate the necessity for admitting the "merchant" without delay. Frequently such a one is found ironing shirts in a laundry, but his legal status is that of a laundress.

Aside from the Chinese who gain admittance through the gates of the country by means of keys to which they have no legal right, there is a vast majority who as merchants, students, travelers or actors are entitled to all the privileges guaranteed them under the statute. The classes with money do not have to fear being submitted to inconvenience. As far as the Celestials are concerned who get in without complying with the law the



The Returning Chinese Merchant Is
Never Molested.

high wages and the industrial opportunities here make the game for them well worth the candle if they succeed.

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These checks he has always treasured as souvenirs of his prosperous days and when he came here in 1893 and bought a small house between River Dens and Port Hood he papered the walls of one of his rooms with them. They are drawn on at least 20 banks, and De Costa declares that he can tell what each paid for. This is all the more remarkable, as the man settled his personal as well as his business obligations with paper. He never carried more than a dollar in cash in his pockets at one time, and if a man didn't want to cash a check he made no sale.

De Costa says that he would rather look at the checks than eat his dinner, and this is literally true, for all his meals are served in the check room.

Suspicion Aroused.
"The population of St. Petersburg is still growing," said the census official, gruffly.

"We'll have to see about that," answered the czar. "The police are evidently not doing their duty in sending people to Siberia."—Washington Star.

BROUGHT MISFORTUNE TO ALL

Pearl Necklace Source of Woe to Each
Successive Owner.

Mme. Andreef was the wife of a broker on the St. Petersburg bourse. She was killed by her husband in a St. Petersburg summer garden. The Novoe Vremya tells this story of a pearl necklace the woman was wearing when she met her death: "It is an old piece of work by one of the best Parisian jewelers. It had been sold first to the head of a well-known French court family. In the excitement of the great French revolution nearly all the members of this family were guillotined and only a few of them managed to escape to Brussels and so saved their lives. But the flight cost a lot of money, and they were obliged to part with many fine jewels, among them the necklace in question. From the time that they got rid of this article they enjoyed a good fortune.

This cherished jewel after changing hands about ten times, was bought by the St. Petersburg jeweler Butz for 40,000 rubles (\$20,000) for Prince V., who was at that time a leading man at court. The prince, who was a great lover of the ballet, gave the necklace to the well-known ballerina, Tuzuki. For having done this he was exiled from St. Petersburg. Tuzuki left the imperial ballet and finding her health failing, she went to her native countryside and abandoned the stage forever. But before doing so she sold the necklace.

A subsequent owner, the antiquarian, Linivitch, died suddenly at Monte Carlo, and a whole series of people afterward who came into possession of the fated necklace had most sinister experiences. One of these, a gambler, at Monte Carlo, lost all his money, and only the sale of the necklace saved him from beggary.

Finally it fell into the hands of Mr. Andreef. He paid the low price of 20,000 rubles (\$10,000) for it and his wife was wearing it when in a fit of anger he killed her, to whom he had but a short time ago presented the unlucky token. The necklace has now mysteriously disappeared."

The Push He Needed.

"When I was a little fellow I was inclined to wait to be coaxed," relates a learned and successful man in an exchange. "I remember sitting beside the brook one day while the older children were building a dam. They were wading, carrying stones, splashing the mud and shouting orders, but none of them paying any attention to me. I began to feel abused and lonely, and was blubbering over my neglected condition when Aunt Sally came down the road:

"What's the matter, sonny? Why ain't you playin' with the rest?"

"They don't want me," I said, digging my fists into my eyes. "They never ask me to come."

"I expected sympathy, but she gave me an impatient shake and push. 'Is that all, you little nunny? Nobody wants folks that'll sit around on a bank, and wait to be asked,' she cried. 'Run along with the rest, and make yourself wanted.'"

"That shake and push did the work. Before I had time to recover from my indignant surprise I was in the middle of the stream, and soon was as busy as the others. But for that shake and push I might be neglected and waiting to this day. It's the people who'll help push instead of waiting to be pushed that make the worthwhile citizens."

LARGE RANCHES IN MEXICO.

Foreigners as Well as Natives Have
Immense Holdings.

Ranches in Mexico are of no mean size. Ex-Gov. Terrazas of Chihuahua has 17,000,000 acres. The Zuloaga family is said to hold 5,000,000. Properties of 1,000,000 and 2,000,000 acres are not uncommon. Among the Americans who have large ranches may be mentioned Fleming & Ross, the Riverside Cattle company, with 2,000,000 acres and a fine herd of Herefords; Phoebe Hearst, of California, who has a magnificent place west of Minaca; the Millers and three Mormon colonies. Gordon, Ironsides & Ferriss, a Canadian company, have 1,000,000 acres; Lord Beresford, a relative of the admiral, has a large ranch where he raises his horses; another Englishman, named Innes, owns a large property. Smaller places of from 40,000 acres upward are numerous. The price of land now runs from 50 to 75 cents gold per acre, with a strong tendency to rise.—Modern Mexico.

Parson McKeown's Psalm.

Old Parson McKeown of the Spring street (Boston) church (long since demolished and the parson gone the way of the earth) had a parish clerk who persistently confined himself to giving out the one hundredth psalm, to be sung by the congregation; and the parson finally insisted upon a change being made, which the clerk promised to do.

Notwithstanding his promise, however, the clerk, from force of habit, gave out on the following Sunday the same words: "All people that on earth do dwell," whereupon the parson's temper could hold out no longer, and, putting his head over the desk, he cried, "D—n all people that on earth do dwell!"

This was in so loud a voice that several good deacons occupying front seats heard the words, and what few hairs they had remaining on their heads stood straight on end with horror. And that was the last opportunity Parson McKeown had of expounding the gospel from his pulpit.

The Caterpillar.

If any schoolboy were asked to give the derivation of "caterpillar" he would say that it had something to do with "cat." And he would be right. The common explanation of "caterpillar" is that it is the old French "chattepelose," which means literally "hairy cat," and is very like the English "pillar," a plunderer, and "caterpillar" was the regular spelling until the seventeenth century. Dr. Murray's dictionary suggests that the word may have come straight from "cat" and "pillar." A Lombard word for caterpillar is "gatta" (cat), and a Swiss word "teufelskatz" (devil's cat), while a "catkin" is the vegetable imitation of the caterpillar.

LONDON THE CINDERELLA OF THE CITIES

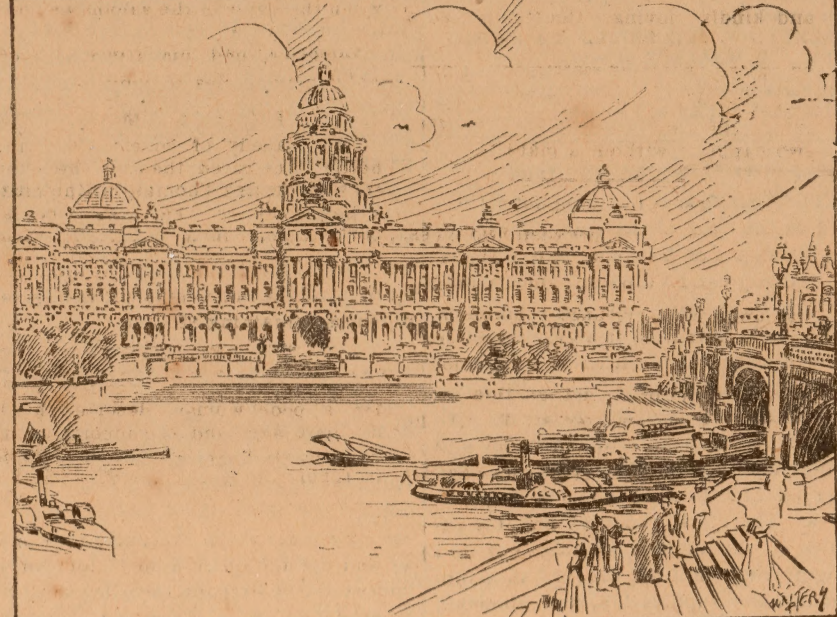
Story of the Hall for the County Council and the
New Embankment.

For 18 years the greatest, the healthiest and the wealthiest city in the world has been without a civic habitation worthy of its ancient settlement and honored name. The size of London, its power, utility and dignity, have not yet secured adequate expression in embodied brick, chiseled stone, or fashioned bronze.

London has been too long the Cinderella of the cities in the matter of municipal recognition. Like poor Cinderella, her county council had to work and live in the basement dwellings of Spring Gardens. Her sisters, the borough councils and the city corporation, least of all the Guildhall and Mansion house, or disport themselves in the numerous town halls and other buildings that have been granted to them by the grace of parliament or the cheerful consent of their constituent ratepayers. The metropolitan asylums board and Thames conservancy without comment have installed themselves in riparian palaces, so that with greater ease they can do lesser work. Only the council is without a home and exist in lodgings.

The bold policy of banks, insurance offices and large commercial houses having prominent sites, adequate space, handsome exteriors and internal attractiveness, stimulates a joy of work in staff, an order in business, and a supreme command of organization impossible in low, mean and disorderly habitations, which but for high ideals of public duty would drag down the average public man charged by popular vote with a city's government.

This has been recognized and prac-



View of New County Council Hall from Westminster Bridge.

ticed by private enterprise, and everywhere but in London municipal administration has built a suitable habitation, and in so doing founded a public-spirited name.

But now London, through its county council, is to have a civic building, a municipal home, an administrative office in which to strenuously carry on the multiplex duties that are intrusted to it for the good government of mighty London.

For over ten years the council pressed its claim; for all that period the health, time, and fruitful energy of its councilors and staff were "cribbed, cabined, confined," and to some extent its work has suffered by the lack of centralized, spacious and well-equipped offices.

Patient, submissive, tolerant to an intolerable degree, the council practically unanimously, irrespective of party, decided a year ago, for the good government of London, to secure a new home away from the old site, which has been neither suitable, sufficient, nor available, for its ever-increasing work and its multiplying responsibilities.

And, as the council was parliament would not have it at the Adelphi site, and the limit refused to have it in Parliament street, where better could it be placed than on the spacious plot of ground occupied by dingy wharf, none too pleasant factory.

The river on the north, a public terrace intervening between a fine embankment and the county hall. This structure is a solid, massive, dignified, useful building bounded on the south by Belvedere road, improved as a relief approach to Waterloo station from Westminster Bridge for the western traffic that now obstructs the southeast corner of Bridge. On the west St. Thomas' hospital, opposite to the house of parliament, enhancing the beauty and view of that great pile.

In keeping with the abbey, New

WAYS OF FRENCH HUSBANDS.

Punctilious in Small Courtesies That
Please Women.

The French husband has a faculty that amounts almost to a genius for bestowing the delicate attentions which cost little except the exercise of a modicum of tact and thoughtfulness, but which carry joy to every true woman's heart. He not only thinks to take home to her often (in the absence of the means to make a larger offering) a ten-cent bunch of violets, pinks or roses from the flower market or the itinerant flower vendor's barrow on his route, but he presents them gallantly with the compliment and the caress the occasion calls for; and this makes them confer a pleasure out of all proportion to their intrinsic worth.

He remembers her birthday or fete day with a potted plant, a bit of game, a box of bonbons, a cake from the pastrycook's or a bottle of good wine. He is marvelously fertile in expedients for making the time pass quickly

and agreeably for her. He has a thousand amusing and successful devices for helping her to renew her youth. He projects unique and joyous Sunday and holiday excursions. He improvises dainty little banquets. He is a past master especially in the art of conjuring up amiable mysteries and preparing charming little surprises. And in all these trivial enterprises he vindicates the old French theory that true courtesy consists in taking a certain amount of pains to so order our manners and our manners that others "be content with us and with themselves."

The American husband is particularly solicitous to do the proper thing; the French husband to do the agreeable thing.—Independent.

Sing.
Banish the sighs,
For sighing is laden,
There was never a heart,
Made lighter by sighs;
Sing of to-morrow,
Forgetting the sorrow,
A song to the heart,
Will go high to the skies!
—Milwaukee Sentinel.

REPUBLICAN STATE TICKET.

For Governor—
FRED M. WARNER of Oakland.
For Lieutenant Governor—
PATRICK H. KELLEY of Ingham.
For Secretary of State—
GEORGE A. PRESCOTT of Isosco.
For State Treasurer—
FRANK P. GLAZIER of Washtenaw.
For Auditor General—
JAMES B. BRADLEY of Eaton.
For Land Commissioner—
WILLIAM H. ROSE of Clinton.
For Attorney General—
JOHN E. BIRD of Lenawee.
For Superintendent of Public Instruction—
LUTHER L. WRIGHT of Gogebic.
For Member State Board of Education—
DEXTER M. PERRY, JR. of Wayne.

CONGRESSIONAL TICKET.

For Member of Congress, 2d District—
CHARLES E. TOWNSEND of Jackson.

LEGISLATIVE TICKET.

For State Senator, 10th District—
A. J. PECK of Jackson.
For Representative, 1st District—
H. WIRT NEWKIRK of Ann Arbor.
For Representative, 2d District—
A. J. WATERS of Manchester.

COUNTY TICKET.

For Sheriff—
FRANK T. NEWTON of Ypsilanti.
For Clerk—
JAMES E. HARKINS of Ann Arbor.
For Treasurer—
OTTO LUTICK of Lima.
For Register of Deeds—
JOHN LAWSON of Augusta.
For Prosecuting Attorney—
ANDREW J. SAWYER, JR. of Ann Arbor.
For Circuit Court Commissioners—
GEO. W. SAMPLE of Ann Arbor.
WM. S. PUTNAM of Ypsilanti.
For Coroners—
SAMUEL W. BURCHFIELD of Ann Arbor.
DR. J. B. WALLACE of Saline.
For Surveyor—
JEROME ALLEN of Ypsilanti.

THE LESSONS OF 1906.

The year 1906 is rounding out its record as the year of disaster. The cities on the slopes of Vesuvius, San Francisco, Santiago and Valparaiso, the islands of the Caribbean, and the wind-swept coasts of Florida,—it is a gruesome tale of wreckage and destruction. It is not difficult to understand the superstition of the ancients that the gods were jealous of man's advance in knowledge and power and turned the forces of nature against him to show him his helplessness. The earth shudders and the results of the highest architectural and engineering skill all wrecked in a moment, water supplies fail, fire protection is useless and thousands are left in darkness, hungry and shelterless. To those who do not recognize the larger law it does seem like personal vindictiveness. So, too, when the great sea-going ship, built to bridge the waves and outride the storm, is picked up by the breath of the hurricane and tossed on shore like a piece of drift-wood, it seems so like the work of an angry demon, that the imagination readily creates the god of storms and clothes him with human attributes. With all man's great achievements, and the prospect of greater ones soon to come it takes only a year like the present to show him his limitations, and keep him from vain boasting.

IN times of stress and financial disturbance one of the most conspicuous features is "the army of the unemployed." But take up any city daily and turn to the advertisements and find two or three columns filled under the heading "Help wanted" to a scant half column of "Situations wanted," and the conclusion follows that there is more than prosperity enough to keep every one busy that wishes to work. The prosperity may not be distributed to every man's liking, but so long as every body has plenty of work at high wages, the tariff revisers will make little headway at any thing like a general disturbance of present schedules.

CLEVELAND'S revised decalogue for fishermen will have to be stretched still further to cover the sins of the corn growers of the west. The Iowa professor who blazed his way through the corn-growing states, scattering advice and seed corn, little dreamed of the crop of

The Better Way

The tissues of the throat are inflamed and irritated; you cough, and there is more irritation—more coughing. You take a cough mixture and it eases the irritation—for a while. You take

SCOTT'S EMULSION

and it cures the cold. That's what is necessary. It soothes the throat because it reduces the irritation; cures the cold because it drives out the inflammation; builds up the weakened tissues because it nourishes them back to their natural strength. That's how Scott's Emulsion deals with a sore throat, a cough, a cold, or bronchitis.

WE'LL SEND YOU A SAMPLE FREE.
SCOTT & BOWNE, 409 Pearl Street, New York

For that Dandruff

There is one thing that will cure it—Ayer's Hair Vigor. It is a regular scalp-medicine. It quickly destroys the germs which cause this disease. The unhealthy scalp becomes healthy. The dandruff disappears, had to disappear. A healthy scalp means a great deal to you—healthy hair, no dandruff, no pimples, no eruptions.

The best kind of a testimonial—
"Sold for over sixty years."

Ayer's

moral obliquity which would spring up in the wake of his corn train when once the great west really got at it. Here comes a story from Booneville, Ind., of an ear of corn with 36 rows of kernels, and weighing 21 pounds and 2 ounces! The story is bolstered up with as many details of time, place and circumstances, as the stories of the cabbage snake. Next, Crowley county, Kansas, sends out a photograph of corn 18 feet and 4 inches high, with ears 12 feet and 4 inches from the ground, a group of men standing by as measuring units, and the address of a land agent in the background. And a credulous and long suffering public is expected to swallow these fishy corn stories!

GROVER CLEVELAND takes the view that there is no democratic ticket in the field in the New York campaign this fall. Candidate Hughes takes the same view. "It is not," he says, "an issue of republican principles or democratic principles; it is the vital issue of decent government." This aspect of the campaign gives it almost as much of a national interest as the bearing on the next presidential contest. The sons of "York state" scattered thick throughout the west are as much interested as the New York people themselves to see the honor of the state maintained.

THE Detroit political muddle has had two new elements of confusion added to it the past week, one the opinion of a Chicago traction expert that the Codd-Hutchins franchise scheme is full of loopholes, while some of its important provisions are on the other Tom L. Johnson's intervention. Perhaps the alleged warring of the Codd push might be counted a third element of uncertainty. Whether or not Detroiters know where they are at by election time, they will certainly have a pretty fair conception of the primeval chaos.

LET it be remembered that the republican vote for U. S. senator will be decided in the republican legislative caucus to which no democrat is admitted. One who wishes Charles E. Townsend for senator must vote for Senator A. J. Peck and A. J. Waters, who will have access to this decisive caucus and a vote in it.

Is it surprising that Cuba should be swept by a hurricane, when Secretary Taft left the island? Think of the vast vacuum his departure must have left; and the result was but the operation of natural hydrostatic laws.

It is somewhat cheeky for the democrats to charge upon Sheriff Newton the expense to the county of feeding the tramps which demand justice and constables sent to Ann Arbor to be cared for.

BRYAN endorses Hearst. It is a toss-up which one is complimented by the alliance.

Itching, bleeding, protruding or blind piles yield to Doan's Ointment. Chronic cases soon relieved, finally cured. Druggists all sell it.

List of Letters.

Following is a list of letters further in the post office, Ypsilanti, for the week ending Oct. 20, 1906.

LADIES' LIST.

Boise, Mrs. Betsy Ann Heston, Miss Grace Butler, Mrs. Lavinia Manderfield, Cecilia Cross, Mrs. Bell Marriott, Mrs. B. Curtis, Mrs. C. E. Seigrist, Mary J. Hawkins, Miss Alice

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Allan, Geo. Green, Ed. Brazee, Mark. Hudwell, Ashley W. Bellus, James Prin. Rosenfield, B. B. Cotling, Alfred. Walfkammer, F. W. Colvan, David. Wright, Richard

Persons calling for advertised letters will please give the date of advertising and pay one cent for same. Letters are held two weeks and then sent to the dead letter office. W. N. LISTER, P. M.

The new Pure Food and Drug Law will mark it on the label of every cough cure containing opium, chloroform, or any other stupefying or poisonous drug. But it passes Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure as made for 20 years, entirely free. Dr. Shoop all along has bitterly opposed the use of all opiates or narcotics. Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure is absolutely safe even for the youngest babe—and it cures, it does not simply suppress. Get a safe and reliable cough cure by simply insisting on having Dr. Shoop's. Let the law be your protection. We cheerfully recommend and sell it. Frank Smith.

For students' supplies see our large stock before buying. Metal Folding Couches, Box Couches, Rockers, \$1.50, \$1.75 and \$2.00 and up. Tables, \$1.50 to \$3.00. Book Racks, \$1.00 to \$3.00. Dressers, \$7.75, \$8.05, \$9.00, \$10.00 and \$12.00, and all bargains. WALLACE & CLARKE.

They Scorned Doctors.
The learned ladies in olden times took great comfort and pride in their skill in medicine. With true professional scorn they looked down upon the regular doctors as upon quacks. "For God's sake," they would say, "do not let us take any of these quack medicines. I shall never trust to them because of your father and my uncle, whose souls God assol!" So wrote a lady in conscious pride. She knew she could have saved the lives of her unfortunate relatives if she had only had a chance to do so with some of her wonderful concoctions or to have put upon them some such plasters as those for which Dame Margery Paston was famous. Her husband sent for one of her plasters for the king's attorney, James Hobart, who was suffering with an ache in his knee, and to whom Sir John Paston felt himself sentimentally indebted. "He is the man who brought you and me together," he wrote to Margery, "and I had leave to send you that ye could with your plaster put him and his pain."

Grease in Wool Fabrics.
Few persons realize when they put on woolen garments what a large amount of animal fats wool contains. In the big clothing shops where men's garments are cut, however, the floors around the tables where electric knives clip out the odd shaped pieces soon become as slippery as though they were waxed for a dance.

"Why do you wax the floors—to keep from visions." But the clothing cutters explain that this accumulation of grease comes from the friction of wool cloth over the wood. The wool's pores soon become so charged with it that they feel greasy to the touch, and even the harder woods in the cutting tables absorb from the woolen fibers so much of the animal fat that to all appearances they might be in steady use in the rendering department of an abattoir.—New York Press.

Are Ministers' Sons Bad?
A bishop marked the names of those whom he deemed worthy of remembrance for some services performed in religion or politics or literature or science or art or commerce or philanthropy or warfare, or some other aspects of the various life of the nation. Of such names he found 1,270 who were the children of clergymen or ministers, taking no account of those who were the grandchildren of clergymen or more remote descendants. Of the children of lawyers, there were 510, and of doctors 350. The sons of clergymen who became themselves clergymen were 350. He further asserts that the superiority which the clergy enjoy in respect to their children to the other professions lies beyond dispute. The superiority has been not of numbers only, but of degree. From clerical homes have sprung more distinguished sons than from the homes of any secular profession.—Lusk's Weekly.

A Fussy Eagle.
A Russian grand duke was once the guest of a German prince. It was early in the last century. In Russia the imperial double headed eagle is to be seen everywhere and on everything throughout the empire—stamped, painted, embroidered or sculptured. At that period the education of grand dukes was somewhat limited. This grand duke went out shooting in Germany and, among other things, shot a large bird. He asked an experienced huntsman who accompanied him what the bird was. "An eagle, your highness," was the answer. The grand duke turned on him in an irritated way. "How can it be an eagle," he asked, "when it has only one head?"

Shadeless Forests.
Large tracts of dense forests in Australia are practically shadeless. Many kinds of trees in that strange country turn their edges instead of the flat surface of the leaves to the sun, and thus one may stand under a tree of enormous size and be as fully exposed to the sun as though he were in the open plain. Travel through these forests is said to be exceedingly arduous work, as the trees, while they do not cut off the sun, prevent the breeze from reaching the ground, and thus the traveler experiences a stifling heat.

Use For Spilled Beer.
"There is no need," said a brewer, "for us to throw away beer that has turned sour, nor is there any need for us to try to doctor it up. We have a ready sale for our spoiled beer among cement makers. Don't think from this that cement makers have a morbid taste for sour beer. Nothing of the kind. They use this beer in making cement for leather joints. It takes the place of acid, being cheaper and yet just as good."

A Proud Impostor.
A young father telegraphed the news of his new responsibility to his brother in this fashion: "A handsome boy has come to my house and claims to be your nephew. We are doing our best to give him a proper welcome." The brother, however, failed to see the point and replied: "I have not got a nephew. The young man is an impostor."

Natural History.
"Mamma, what are twins?" asked little Bobby.
"Oh, I know," chimed in Dorothy, with all the superiority of an elder sister. "Twins is two babies just the same age, three is triplets, four is quadruplets, and five is centipedes."—Harper's Weekly.

Liberty without obedience is confusion, and obedience without liberty is slavery.—William Penn.

Danger From the Plague.
There's a grave danger from the plague of coughs and colds that are so prevalent, unless you take Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. Mrs. Geo. Walls of Forest City, Me., writes: "It's a cough and colds living in climates where gods send to people prevail. I find it quickly cures them. It prevents pneumonia, cures lagrippe, gives wonderful relief in asthma and hay fever, and makes weak lungs strong enough to ward off consumption, coughs and colds, 50c and \$1.00. Guaranteed by Rogers-Weinmann-Matthews Co.'s and Smith Brothers' drug store. Trial bottle free."

Hard to Catch Up.
Two Silesians, seated in a rustic hall, began to argue about the music of Wagner. The argument as it progressed grew heated. The upshot was that the younger challenged the older Silesian to a duel.
But the older Silesian declined to fight.
"No, no," he said. "I refuse to meet you. The risks are not equal. You, you see, are a bachelor, whereas I am a married man with three children. I'll tell you what to do. Go get married and wait till you've a family as large as mine. Then, when our risks are alike, come and challenge me again."

The younger man complied. He married. Three years passed and one day three years later he went, accompanied by a nursemaid, to his opponent's home.
"Here I am," he said fiercely. "My wife is at home. In this coach are my three children. Now for the duel!"
But the older man shook his head.
"Not yet awhile," he said. "I have five now."

Exercise For Business Men.
The average city business man without physical impediments to fight against can probably get along successfully on such an exercise schedule as the following:
First.—Five minutes each day of purely muscular exercise, such as can be taken perfectly well in one's room without any special apparatus.
Second.—Short intervals during the day of fresh air, brisk walking, deep breathing. This can all be secured in the regular order of the day's business. A man can easily spend as much as half an hour walking out of doors every day. This is for heart, lungs and digestion.
Third.—The reservation of at least one day a week for rest and recreation, for being out of doors, for playing games, etc. This is essential. This is for both body and mind. A man who thinks he can get along without at least one vacation time a week simply proves his ignorance.—World's Work.

The Bite of a Girl.
The bite of a girl may be as productive of poisonous germs as improperly prepared foods, according to the statements of Professor W. D. Miller of the University of Berlin. In a lecture the professor said that a bite of a pretty girl would often bring a quicker and more horrible death than the bite of a serpent. Professor Miller, who has made a special study of the bacteria of the mouth, said that only a short time ago he experimented on a beautiful girl in Germany and found that an arrow dipped in saliva from her mouth would send its victim in death throes more terrible than one dipped in the venom of the most deadly snake.—What to Eat.

Twins Born in Different Years.
"I have often been present at the birth of twins," said an old nurse. "Only once was I present, though, when the twins were born in different years." "Twins born in different years? You are crazy," said the young bride.
"Not a bit of it," said the old nurse. "The thing happened in Pittsburgh in 1899. The first twin was born at 11:30 o'clock on the night of Dec. 31, 1899, and the second was born at 1 o'clock on the morning of Jan. 1, 1900. There are, ma'am, a number of other cases recorded of twins born in different years."

The Cat Had Chickens.
The old housekeeper met the master at the door on his arrival home.
"If you please, sir," she said, "the cat has had chickens."
"Nonsense, Mary," laughed he. "You mean kittens. Cats don't have chickens."
"Was them chickens or kittens as you brought home last night?" asked the old woman.
"Why, they were chickens, of course."
"Just so, sir," replied Mary, with a twinkle. "Well, the cat's had 'em!"

A Comprehensive Verdict.
A child in an English town was killed by a steam atomizing apparatus falling on it. The coroner's jury brought in the following curious following verdict: "Death resulting from shock following bronchitis and whooping cough, caused through the shaking of the house by the firing of a gun at the government proof butts on the Pulmstead marshes."

Raising His Wages.
Y.—You know I told you a few days after he employed me that he said he'd raise my wages in a month or so?
Z.—Yes. And didn't he?
Y.—No. I misunderstood him. He said he'd try to raise my first week's wages by that time. I haven't had a shilling yet.—London Tit-Bits.

Compromisage.
"I have a little granddaught," said a senator, "who is very fond of animals, especially dogs. Her mother has taught her to pronounce the word until it sounds like dah. Her father sticks to the good old fashioned dawg, so the child has compromised, and now every canine is a dah-dawg."

Peevishness.
Peevishness may be considered the canker of life that destroys its vigor and checks its improvement; that creeps on with hourly depredations and taints and vitiates what it cannot consume.—Johnson.

Probably.
Probably a woman would be a bride to her husband longer if she should continue making company of him. Most women begin to save their jam for visitors when they have been married three months.

The Under Side of Fish.
Experiments have been made with flounders in order to determine whether the whiteness of the under sides of those fish is due to the exclusion of light, and the presence of color on their upper sides to exposure to light. The fish experimented upon were kept lying in a glass tank, having a mirror placed beneath, so as to reflect light upon the under sides of the fish. One of these prisoners survived for three years under conditions so strangely different from its ordinary habits of life, and all of them exhibited the development of spots of pigment on their lower surfaces. The experimenters concluded that it is exposure to light that causes the coloration of the upper parts of the bodies, not only of flounders, but of other fish, and, conversely, that it is the whiteness of under sides of fish is due. They extend the same principle to explain the colorless condition of the skins of many animals that pass all their lives in caves.

Bird Songs.
Naturalists have long been puzzled as to how birds learn to sing. Does it come natural to a bird of a certain species to sing the song common to its kind or does it learn to imitate whatever song it most hears? Experiments made by a well known student of bird life proved that most birds simply learn by imitation. He placed young linnets to be reared by skylarks, woodlarks, titlarks and other breeds, and in every case the linnets learned the song of his foster parents. Again, a number of linnets were reared where they had no chance of hearing the song of any bird at all. In due course they began to sing, but their song was entirely original. The cuckoo, however, seems to be an exception, for although it is almost invariably reared by foster parents of any species but its own, it always sings to perfection its own peculiar song, quite unimpaired by the vocal efforts of its guardians.

Origin of the Strike Fund.
The earliest mention of a strike fund occurred in the strike of the Parisian stocking weavers in 1724, when a crown day was subscribed for every striker and all blacklegs were mercilessly boycotted. But the biggest strike under the "ancient regime" was that of the silk factory hands at Lyons in 1744, when 12,000 men went on strike and so alarmed the mayor that he conceded everything they asked and wrote to his brother that he had "la tete cassee par cette vile canaille." The "vile canaille," however, had had their moment, and it was no longer theirs. Two months later the king sent down 20,000 soldiers "pour remettre l'ordre dans la honneville de Lyon," and we hear no more of strikes till the supreme strike of 1789.

A Snail's Sense of Smell.
Professor E. Yung of Geneva discovered that the keen sense of smell attributed to the ordinary snail is distributed over the entire body not covered by the shell, the two pairs of tentacles, the lips and the edges of the feet being particularly sensitive. In the experiments made a brush dipped in various odorous substances in turn was brought near the different parts of the body, and responses were noted at an inch to several inches. Only in exceptional cases was odor perceived as much as fifteen or twenty inches away, showing that snail cannot guide these creatures to food far removed.

The Mulberry Tree.
Silk is the great industry of northern Italy, and the plains of the quadrilateral are dark with mulberry trees. The mulberry tree is the hardest worked piece of timber in the world. First its leaves are skinned off for the worms to feed on, then the little branches are clipped for the worms to nest in, then the large limbs are cropped for charcoal, and the trunk has not only to produce a new crop of leaves and limbs for next year, but must act as trellis for a grapevine.

His Bucoolic Business.
"That was a perfectly lovely gentleman I met last night," declared the pretty milliner. "He has a good, reliable business too."
"What is it?" asked her friend.
"Why, he sells farm implements," continued the pretty girl.
"What kind of farm implements?"
"Buckets—nothing but buckets." He told me he kept a bucket shop."—Detroit Free Press.

Potomacine.
Potomacine, according to Quain, are alkaloids produced by the decomposition of animal substances. The word potomacine was at first restricted to alkaloids produced by cadaveric decomposition, but it is now also employed to designate alkaloids of animal origin formed during life as a result of chemical changes induced by some agency or other acting within the organism.

Youth and Pleasure.
Youth is not the age of pleasure. We then expect too much, and we are, therefore, exposed to daily disappointments and mortifications. When we are a little older and have brought down our wishes to our experience, then we become calm and begin to enjoy ourselves.—Lord Liverpool.

Fortune.
Fortune is like the market, where many times if you can stay a little the price will fall, and again it is sometimes like a sly's offer, which at first offereh the commodity at full, then consumeth part and part still holdeth up the price.—Bacon.

A Young Mother at 70.
"My mother has suddenly been made young at 70. Twenty years of intense suffering from dyspepsia had entirely disabled her, until six months ago, when she began taking Electric Bitters, which have completely cured her and restored the strength and activity she had in the prime of life," writes Mrs. W. L. Gilpatrick of Danforth, Me. Greatest restorative medicine on the globe. Stomach, liver and kidneys right, purifies the blood, and cures malaria, biliousness and weaknesses. Wonderful nerve tonic. Price 50c. Guaranteed by Rogers-Weinmann-Matthews Co.'s and Smith Bros' drug-stores.

HUMPHREYS' WITCH HAZEL OIL
FOR BRUISES, ONE APPLICATION BRINGS RELIEF. SAMPLE MAILED FREE.
At Druggists, 25 cents, or mailed. Humphreys' Medicine Co., Cor. William and John Streets, New York.

NERVOUS DEBILITY,
Vital Weakness and Prostration from Overwork and other causes. Humphreys' Homeopathic Specific No. 28, in use over 40 years, the only successful remedy. \$1 per vial, or special package for serious cases, \$5. Sold by Druggists, or sent prepaid on receipt of price.
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Stomach trouble is but a symptom of, and not itself a true disease. We think of Dyspepsia, Heartburn, and Indigestion as real diseases, yet they are symptoms only of a certain specific Nerve sickness—nothing else.
It was this fact that first correctly led Dr. Shoop in the creation of that now very popular Stomach Remedy—Dr. Shoop's Restorative. Going direct to the stomach nerves, alone brought that success and favor to Dr. Shoop and his Restorative. Without that original and highly vital principle, no such lasting accomplishments were ever to be had. For stomach distress, bloating, biliousness, bad breath and sallow complexion, try Dr. Shoop's Restorative—Tablets or Liquid—and see for yourself what it can and will do. We sell and cheerfully recommend.

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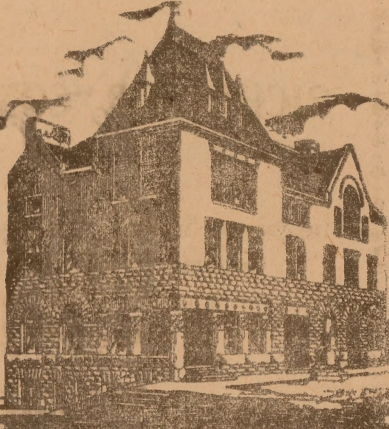
THE YPSILANTI,
W. M. OSBAND, Proprietor,
Basement Savings Bank Block

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW.
At a session of the Probate Court for said county of Washtenaw, held at the Probate Office, in the city of Ann Arbor, on the 23rd day of October, in the year one thousand nine hundred and six.
Present, Emory E. Leland, Judge of Probate.
In the matter of the estate of Henry A. Ballard, deceased.
Edgar Rexford, guardian of said estate, having filed in this court his annual account, and praying that the same may be heard and allowed, it is ordered that the 30th day of November next, at ten o'clock, in the forenoon, at said Probate Office, be appointed for hearing said account.
And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published three successive weeks previous to said time of hearing in the Ypsilantian, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county of Washtenaw.
EMORY E. LELAND, Judge of Probate.
[A true copy.]
H. Wirt Newkirk, Register. 9902

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW.
At a session of the Probate Court for said county of Washtenaw, held at the Probate Office, in the city of Ann Arbor, on the 24th day of October, in the year one thousand nine hundred and six.
Present, Emory E. Leland, Judge of Probate.
In the matter of the estate of Elizabeth G. Coe, deceased.
On reading and filing the duly verified petition of Mary A. Granger, praying that a certain paper in writing and now on file in this court, purporting to be the last will and testament of Elizabeth G. Coe, be admitted to probate, and that D. C. Griffen, the executor named in said will, or some other suitable person be appointed executor thereof, and that appraisers and commissioners be appointed.
It is ordered that the 27th day of November next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate Office be appointed for hearing said petition.
And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published three successive weeks previous to said time of hearing in the Ypsilantian, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county of Washtenaw.
EMORY E. LELAND, Judge of Probate.
H. Wirt Newkirk, Register. 9902

Lax-ets 5 C Sweet to Eat
A Candy Sweet Laxative.

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" 5 and 6—E. P. Allen, Attorney.
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Rooms 8, 9, 10—W. S. Putnam, law and insurance.
" 11, 12 and 13—Dr. J. C. Garrett.
" 13—Chief of Police.
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21—Christian Science.

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MICHIGAN CENTRAL
"The Magazine Route"
Time Table Taking Effect Jan. 7, 1906.
Eastward bound trains leave Ypsilanti at 6:20, 8:30, 9:45, 11:25 a. m.; 7:25, 4:25, 5:10, 8:48, and 9:42 p. m.
Westward bound trains leave Ypsilanti at 2:13, 7:44, 8:13, 9:05 a. m.; 1:35, 2:20, 5:10 via L. S. & M. S. 5:55, and 10:05 p. m.
*Daily. †Stop on signal.

THE YPSILANTI,
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Basement Savings Bank Block

Remember!
If you cobble your family's shoes, remember two things—
First—Don't wait till they are too badly worn.
Second—Go to HOWLAND'S Leather store for supplies, where you can get any quality of leather you want at a price you can afford to pay.

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Congress street, near iron bridge.
General outfitting—get your supplies cheap. New and Second Hand Goods of all description bought and sold by C. M. Edwards, now with R. E. NORTHAUD & Co. Phone 548.

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On the Edge of the Cliff

By Cosmo Hamilton

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

"Are you listening?" she cried, faintly. "I give in about the color of the paper. You shall have your green. I shall like it because you like it. Is the wind carrying my voice away? Can you hear me?"

She was lying on the very edge of the cliff in a manner that made my blood run cold. Her beautiful face was very white, very thin; and her hands, clutching the short, rank grass, seemed almost transparent. There was the same attempt at gaiety in her dry, trembling voice that I had noticed the previous night, and the words she spoke were the same.

It was on my way back from a tennis walk, during which I had watched the sun sink into a bed of crimson banks, and the moon rise to find herself welcomed by every living star, that I came upon the crouching girl and heard her cry.

I gathered that the man she was speaking to was, for some purpose or other, on one of the ledges of the cliff, or on the foot of down. There were several of various widths on that portion of the cliff, wide enough, some of them, to take three or four people standing close. I gave no further thought to the matter.

A shadow flickered in front of me. From the length and width of it I knew that it was thrown by the great body of Ewell, the sea painter, who



"Darling, I Would Jump to You if I Could Jump."

was putting up at a cottage some doors from mine. We looked at each other silently, and then he flung out his working hand with a wide gesture, removing his cap at the bestiality of it.

"Yes," I replied, "you're right, perfectly, utterly, entirely right. I have never seen anything like it anywhere. It's superb. And you and I—at least, not you, perhaps—certainly I ought never to attempt to paint again. It's sacrilege!"

Ewell nodded and stood with his arms extended and his head thrown back, looking with a kind of wistful reverence from side to side. With the soft moonlight upon him, his unmanageable, restless, red hair looked white, and his Viking face, tanned a brick-red color, almost ethereal.

I watched him with a sort of jealous admiration. If ever a man understood the moods of nature, if ever a man could put the right words to the great song of it, that man was Ewell. He seemed to be the younger brother of the sea. Wild, uproarious, tender, silent, always rising or falling, moved by the slightest change, tossed high by the east wind, soothed by the west.

He turned on me suddenly, still holding his cap. "What?" he asked.

"I said nothing," I said.

"Oh, I thought I heard you murmuring that I was a rotten painter, or something equally rude."

"Or something equally rude! Come with me back to the top of the cliffs."

"No," said Ewell, with a shudder. "No—not for thousands a minute."

His vehemence startled me a little. I think, perhaps he noticed it.

"I'll tell you why," he said, taking my arm, and leading me the other way. "You can't be expected to know. You have only just arrived. But I've been here for months, and I know her"—he jerked his head over his shoulder—"before it happened. Poor little beggar!"

"Who?" said I.

He stopped and looked eagerly into my eyes. "You've come from there. Do you mean to say she isn't there tonight? By Jove, how glad I should be!"

"You plunge," I said, faintly. "How the dickens am I to know when you mean?"

"I mean a girl crouching on the cliff."

"With a face very white, very thin, clutching at the short, rank grass with transparent hands? She was saying as I passed, with a kind of gaiety, 'I give in about the color of the paper.'"

"I know," said Ewell, putting his hands over his ears. "I couldn't stand it. Those words ring in my ears. 'A kind of gaiety.' Oh, gods of my fathers!"

We covered a couple of hundreds of yards before he spoke again, and then it was in a low voice, as though he were afraid of being overheard.

"When I came here first, eight months ago, I used constantly to see a girl and a jolly, straight-backed, open-faced young fellow going for long, stiff walks together. The girl had a pair of dancing eyes, which on dull days acted like a gleam of sun upon me; and her voice was like a bird's filled with the joy of young life. I'm not sure I didn't rather hope that they were brother and sister. She had a very beautiful face."

than I do. On the contrary, I believe she took a keen joy in battling with them, head tucked down, arms swinging, her dress clinging and showing the grace of her, the lissomeness of her, the young strength. Her laugh, too! Oh, my dear fellow, what a laugh! I used to gurgie over my points as it was borne, like a bundle of feathers, in the breeze. You know the sound a thrush makes sometimes, when all is well with its world? A series of limpid notes in quick succession—a little volley of bell-like notes rising in the scale? Heaven! how she laughed! But he wasn't her brother. It didn't really matter. I don't suppose. At any rate, he wasn't her brother. Like the one wise man alive, he was engaged to be married to her, poor devil! I wouldn't ask who he was—she was a minister's daughter, Mary Terrance—but I found out soon enough. The wind blew a gale from the southwest. I was at work under the cliff with my easel strapped to my arm, her red tam-o'-shanter was whirled off her head, and carried high in the air, flapped against my face. You know the kind of stupendous idiot I am. You know the consummately futile things I do. I kissed that tam-o'-shanter, and the face of that young man, standing with outstretched hand in front of me, put the cap out of joint for color. He glared at me as though he could have mangled me as I sat. And I knew. A brother would have raised his eyebrows. This beggar lowered them. I was told all about him later. A lawyer, or something, who didn't practice. By name Trent, Richard Wolverton Trent, a rich man, poor devil!"

He paused again, walking harder than ever, having his eyes on the ground.

"I watched them day after day. I could see they were very much in love. Towards the end of May a snowball of excitement was thrown into the village, and grew larger and larger. They were to be married on June the fifth by her father."

"The fifth of June came near. I wasn't painting well. In fact, I wasn't painting at all. I had one of those absurd fits of depression on me. You know what? I heard he was going away for the last fortnight. Some conventional idea of propriety. I take it. I wouldn't have gone for all those grandmother foolshesses rolled into one. Fourteen of the most wonderful days a man can live wasted! Think of it! However, he was going. And the day before his last day a glorious storm came on. I had only seen one like it before. I had a little yacht at that time, for painting purposes. It was blown out of the water and thrown in a hundred splinters on the nearest coast."

"Alive?" I cried.

"Dead. They say he cried 'Mary as he fell. Whether that is romance or not, I don't know. At any rate, barely half an hour after he came, which had stopped at 11:40—she was on the cliff above him, crouching as you saw her crouching, calling to him and cheering him, and telling him—"

"I have heard her several times, saying all that she said that night over and over again—that she had heard him call, that she had ordered some fishermen to come with ropes. 'Darling, I would come to you if I could jump. But I will talk all the time till they come, so that it won't seem so lonely for you. I love you—I love you. Do you hear that, Dick? The wind's so high I can't hear your answer, but I know you have answered and what you said.' And when they came with ropes, there she was, still chatting and laughing, on the edge of the cliff, clinging to the grass. God knows why the wind allowed her to stay there. Perhaps he left it no power at that spot. And she was saying: 'I give in about the color of the paper. You shall have your green. I shall like it because you like it. Is the wind carrying my voice away? Can you hear me?'"

Ewell moved suddenly on again. It was several minutes before he spoke.

"When she saw them she fainted. I was among them. I was only just in time to catch her as she was slipping over. I carried her to her father's house. Poor little brave heart, how she was! Her father buried him. And every night since then—a fortnight now—she hears his voice calling, and she goes and keeps him company, saying the same things all ways, until she suddenly remembers that he has been taken away."

"What then?"

"Then she gets up, and on her way home, passes through the churchyard leaving a kiss upon his grave."

"She is not?" I hesitated.

"Ewell glared at me. 'No,' he said, roughly. 'She is sadder than you or I or any painter. Hers is love, just love.'"

"And she never forgets him?"

"Only once, again, by accident. I found her crouching on the very edge of the cliff, with a face as white, as thin as ever, clutching the short, rank grass with her transparent hands. But as she hurried away, her clear, airy voice followed me, and her words rang in my head."

"Are you listening? I give in about the color of the paper. You shall have your green. I shall like it because you like it. Is the wind carrying my voice away? Can you hear me?"

"Siberian Bridal Custom."

In some parts of Siberia a bridegroom, on arriving home, commands his wife to take off his boots. In one is a whip and in the other a purse. The contents of the boot she first selects for removal presage whether he is to be generous or the reverse to her. A very kind husband will put a purse in each boot, and omit the whip, to make her believe that her choice is auspicious.

COME OF A NOBLE STOCK.

Pride, Dignity and Beauty of the Modern Spaniards.

You may see to-day in any church portal in Spain the stately dignity of Velasquez; the sinister cast of countenance of Philip the Second; the nose and proud bearing of a Roman centurion, says the Nineteenth Century. In the Basque province the dignity and the pride of the peasantry are reflected in the graceful carriage and symmetry of movement for which the men of that coast and the girls carrying pitchers on their heads are justly celebrated. There is no trace of awkwardness in a Spanish peasant, on whose features is stamped the pride of Rome, who will talk to you with the ease and volubility of a Spanish courtier. It is a noble stock.

Thought to-day the glory of Spain has departed and the modern Spanish favor a western "bowler," and the worn, Englishman hats, the national type of Spaniards persists with all its dignity and characteristics. Living types of Murillo's Spanish urchins may be seen in any Spanish village. A group huddled together in some shady retreat; brown, chubby, curly headed, merry little rascals, lurching off a watermelon on picked up in the market, happy as princes in their hempen rags and with their meager money. Or you may see the sunny side of Spain as Goya painted it. A dance in the open square, a bridal feast, a bullfighter's carousal, a brawl, an elopement; the apparel is less gaudy to-day, but the sun and the types and the spirit are the same.

That bravey pleader with his wide-brimmed sombrero, his swarthy countenance, aquiline nose and a roven locks, looks for all the world like a Roman gladiator. The lad at his side, with his finely chiseled features, might have walked on Poppoia. And that young girl in her white lace mantilla and her red roses in her warm black hair, such a one Goya would have delighted to portray as she stands there with her delicate head defiantly thrown back, her lustrous eyes aglow with mischief, that graceful line of figure and those pursed and pouting lips.

Training Dog Police.

The training of the young New-Foundlands that M. Lepine adds to his police staff is one of the sights of Paris, says the Century. It takes place in the headquarters of the agents plougeurs, a small building on the quay-side not far from the Cathedral of Notre Dame. Dogs and men enter into the exercise with zest, and there is usually a crowd of onlookers. Only dummy figures are used, but the "rescue" is, nevertheless, a very realistic affair. The big dogs know perfectly well what the exercise means, and they wait with comic enthusiasm until the dummy is thrown into the water and an agent plougeur rushes out on hearing the splash and the outcry of spectators. While the men are busy with lines and life-buoys, the dog plunges into the water, swims to the dummy, watches with rare intelligence for an opportunity to get an advantageous hold; and then it either swims ashore or waits for its master, who brings to the rescue long poles, cork belts, and the like. The more experienced dogs, however, will easily effect a rescue from first to last without human assistance; and it is an inspiring sight to watch them looking for a foothold on the slippery sides of the river bank, and pulling the heavy dummy into a place of safety.

It takes about four months to train the dogs efficiently. They are also charged with the protection of their masters when attacked by the desperate ruffians who sleep under the arches of the bridge in summer. Thus in Paris also the police dogs are a proved success.

'Twas But a Dream.

Jim Wray, the Harvard rowing coach, said to a prophet of evil before he sailed with the Harvard crew for England: "I take no stock in your words. Your words remind me of those of a certain married man once heard. This married man, coming home quietly one evening, heard in the drawing-room the voices of his wife and mother-in-law in earnest conversation. He tiptoed to the door and listened intently. He heard his mother-in-law say: 'No, darling, I really must go to-morrow. I do not believe in mothers-in-law making long visits. A day or so once or twice a year is enough. And now let me tell you, dear, what a treasure I think you've got in Will. There are few husbands like him, and you must try your best not to spoil him. He is perfect as he is. But don't you think you are a little hasty and inconsiderate to him sometimes? You must be gentler and more accommodating and, above all, avoid every appearance of stricture. Men need a little latitude and you have no right to chide Will when he stays out till two or three in the morning, for you must remember that he is a man, not a child or a woman, and it is your duty to allow him three or four evenings a week.'"

"Will stirred uneasily. He awoke. It all seemed so real, and yet, alas! it was but a dream."

Judge Gave Thieves a Tip.

"Now, sir," said the cross-examining counsel, "answer 'Yes' or 'No.' The court does not want to know what you supposed. I supposed that I had my watch in my pocket this morning, but, as a matter of fact, I had left it on my dressing room table. The court wants facts, sir, not supposition."

The witness did not quibble any more, and the case went quietly on. But when the lawyer arrived home that evening the wife of his bosom said to him:

"You must have been anxious about your watch to send four men after it—one after the other."

"What?" cried the lawyer, as a suspicion crossed his mind. "Did you give it to any of them?"

"Of course," she said. "I gave it to the first who called. Why, he actually knew where you had left it!"

To Work for Woman Suffrage.

Mrs. Arthur T. Ballentine, the only daughter of the late Thomas B. Reed, has gone into politics in the extreme west, and as editor of the Yellow Ribbon, purposes to lend her aid to the cause of woman suffrage.



THE WOMAN'S CORNER

Pretty Decorative Work.

MOUNT-MELLIK AND HEDEBOW EMBROIDERY.

Best for All Forms of Ordinary Household Use—Care in Washing is a Matter of Vital Importance.

Mount-mellick work, strictly speaking, is white upon white. A new kind recently seen is color on white.

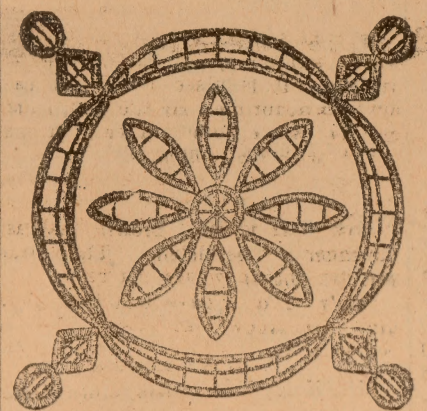


brown calico, or toile grosse, which is eoru in tint. The dead white used for old mount-mellick work is too hard for the color permissible and characteristic of the new style.

The objects for which this work is suited are all those of ordinary household use which lend themselves to decoration—tea, tray, and sideboard cloths, cushion covers, sachets, laundry bags, work bags, tea cosies, etc. The cottons wash perfectly in hot soap and water if ordinary care is used. No soap containing alkali should ever be employed in washing colored embroidery, nor should the work be left in a wet heap. All the soap should be rinsed out and the article quickly dried and ironed damp as it lies face downward on linen placed over a blanket, so that the relief, if there is any, should not be flattened. Among the stitches used in Fig. 1 are found the following: Chain stitch in two rows, worked closely together, framing bars sewn down with a contrasting shade; satin stitch worked evenly and closely so as completely to conceal the foundation; stem and rope stitch, used for lines, tendrils, outlining, etc.; and stitch dotted over spaces in intermediate rows, avoiding one dot coming just under another, closed loops decorating open leaves and coral stitch doing the same; but-tonhole stitch almost covering two halves of a leaf has French knots of another shade placed down the middle; double-chain sewn down with a different shade; three fully-covered leaves are done in light blue bars alternating with a row of dark blue French knots, the oval buds being worked in two rows of wheeling one in between the other.

The uppermost flower is done in pale blue, the central satin stitch petal having two worked in weaving stitch on each side, all being outlined by a single thread of the light blue couched down with a darker shade.

Authorities on the subject say Hedebow embroidery originated in Denmark, Hedebow being the name of a locality in that country where this special embroidery is much done by the peasants. Curiously enough, it is obtaining in Italy very much indeed. It can be brought to great perfection and



elaborated to a large extent, so that the possessor of knowledge in the way of variety of lace stitches can utilize it.

Ideas for the Hostess.

Suggestions for Two Very Enjoyable Entertainments.

A Farewell Party.

A young correspondent signing herself "Pansy" asks for suggestions for a "Farewell" party. Also whether the person giving the entertainment is supposed to furnish everything?

A hostess provides the refreshments and entertainment for her guests, and that must be what our inquirer means by "everything." There are no special games for a "farewell" party. The centerpiece on the table is usually significant of the occasion, such as a train of cars, a steamboat, a toy dry loaded with trunks, and the souvenirs or place cards are suit-case and trunk candy boxes filled with small bon-bons. If the friends of the going away guest wish to contribute towards a parting gift, it is a very pretty compliment to do so. A silver drinking cup, a jewel case or traveling sewing case are all suitable. Or the each guest bringing some appropriate little remembrance. Even letters, books, boxes of confectionery, etc., are very acceptable, and it is better not to have any set scheme of entertainment. Let every one talk without restraint.

A Nut Party.

The fall with its frosts makes nut parties in the country seasonable. For the unfortunate mortals who cannot enjoy a genuine outdoor party, the next best is to have one in the house. Decorate with autumn foliage, branches of trees and make the rooms assume just as woody an aspect as possible.

After the guests have arrived, have a lot of old "chestnuts" played and sung, such as "Annie Rooney," "Only a Pansy Blossom," "After the Ball," etc. This will make much merriment and will be classed as "musical chestnuts." Then pass acorn shaped booklets, containing the following questions. The answer to each query is the name of a nut.

1. Its first syllable is a spring vegetable.—Peanut.

TREATMENT OF THE HAIR.

No hair needs to be shampooed oftener than once in three weeks, and then the work should not be done too vigorously. The hair should be wet, after which some soap jelly is spread upon it. This is given time to dry on. It is then washed with a shampoo of warm, soft water. That is the most thorough shampoo. But there are others, and the best is the egg shampoo.

The hair is wet and two eggs are rubbed into it, the yolks only. It is shampooed in a dozen waters, so as to rinse it well, after which it is dried and aired. This is very good for the hair.

There are old-fashioned, demure faces that require a style of hair dressing all their own. The hair is parted in the old sweet way. And it is rolled back from the face on each side. The hair is twisted low in the back of the neck and a curl is pinned in.

This falls over the neck and shoulders. A rose is pinned on the curl and another rose is pinned in

the hair just in the center of the parting.

A Note of Color.

Varied shades of blue are very popular just now, and lend themselves much more delightfully to combination than was formerly the case, more especially if a note of white or black is introduced.

Color should be a distinctive note in a woman's attire, and having discovered what colors are becoming to her and best harmonize with the tint of her eyes, hair, and complexion, the wise woman who wishes to look her best (and what woman does not?) will be faithful to them, despite the whims and vagaries of fashion, and if she will but return to them again and again will find herself well rewarded for her fidelity.

Alphabets of the World.

The alphabets of the various languages of the world vary from 12 to 202 letters. That of the Hawaiian language has only 12 letters, while that of the tartars is at the other end of the list with 202 letters.

ELEPHANT AT THE TELEPHONE

Animal Took Much Time to Learn Ludicrous Trick.

So perfectly is this elephant broken that he works by cues imperceptible to the audience. The trainer merely raises his shoulders and the young bull strides toward the telephone box, turn the crank, ringing the bell, picks up the receiver in his long trunk and holds it to his great, flap ear. Then he hangs it up with the suddenness of disgust, rings the bell a second time, and again holds the receiver to his ear, while he listens with the sage, bland expression which only an elephant can assume. When finished, he hangs up the receiver and "rings off."

For something like two minutes this performance lasts. Yet it required a month of steady, hard work to break the elephant into this simple, ludicrous trick. More than 2,000 times, actual count, Barlow had to grasp Tom's trunk, apply it to the bell crank and teach the circular motion of ringing the bell, by leading the trunk just as you might lead the hand of a young child when teaching it to wind a music box. More than 3,000 times the trainer had to lead the tip of the big receiver of the telephone to teach the beast to hold it to his ear and hang it accurately back on its hook. And when these details were mastered, it took more than 500 trials to teach the succession of winding the crank and listening before Tom understood and knew enough to twist the crank without breaking it into halves at every contact—Aplinton's Magazine.

Mrs. Craigie's Address.

An amusing story of the late Mrs. Craigie, the noted novelist, was told the other day at the Author's club in New York.

"When Mrs. Craigie was in America last year," said the editor, "she was invited to make an address at a certain meeting. She accepted the invitation, but her name, through some oversight, was put far down on the programme, and worse than that, the chairman, a rather stupid person, introduced before her some speakers who were not on the programme at all."

"In short, it was close on to 11 o'clock when the chairman, with a pleasant smile, bowed and said: 'Mrs. Craigie, the eminent author of 'Some Emotions and a Moral,' will now give us her address.'"

"Mrs. Craigie rose and said, calmly: 'My address is No. 58 Lancaster Gate, Hyde Park, W., London, and I now wish you all good-night, for I am far from home.'"

TERRIBLE SCALP HUMOR.

Badly Affected with Sores and Crusts—Extended Down Behind the Ears—Another Cure by Cuticura.

"About ten years ago my scalp became badly affected with sore and itching humors, crusts, etc., and extended down behind the ears. My hair came out in places, also. I was greatly troubled; understood it was eczema. Tried various remedies so called, without effect. Saw your Cuticura advertisement, and got the Cuticura Remedies at once. Applied them as to directions, etc., and after two weeks I think, of use, was clear of a wheeze. I have to state also that late last fall, October and November, 1904, I was suddenly afflicted with a bad eruption, painful and itching pustules over the lower part of the body. I suffered dreadfully. In two months, under the skillful treatment of my doctor, conjoined with Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment, I found myself cured. H. M. F. Weiss, Rosemont, Christian Co., Ill., Aug. 31, 1905."

May Return to America.

William Waldorf Astor, Jr., who lives in England with his self-ex-patriated father, has been visiting in Kentucky, and it is rumored that he intends to purchase a country place in the blue grass state. Mr. Astor was accompanied by his wife, a daughter of Danby Langhorne, of Charlottesville, Va.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury.

As mercury completely destroys the sense of smell and completely deranges the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do to the poor, who can be easily deceived from them, is incalculable. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by J. C. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by J. C. Cheney & Co., Testimonials free. Sold by Druggists. Price, 50c per bottle. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Monkey's Bite Fatal.

Though bitten twice by a monkey and warned that a third bite would be fatal, Mrs. Powell, of Bath, England, refused to part with the animal. She was bitten again, blood poisoning set in and death from heart failure followed.

Superb Service, Splendid Scenery.

en route to Niagara Falls, Muskoka and Kawartha Lakes, Georgian Bay and Temagami Region, St. Lawrence River and Rapids, Thousand Islands, Algonquin National Park, White Mountains and Atlantic Sea Coast resorts, via Grand Trunk Railway System. Double track Chicago to Montreal and Niagara Falls, N. Y.

For copies of tourist publications and descriptive pamphlets apply to Geo. W. Vaux, A. G. P. & T. A., 135 Adams St., Chicago.

Woman Confederate Officer.

An inmate of the Home for Needy Confederate Women in Richmond, Va., is Capt. Sally L. Tompkins, the only woman who received a commission from President Davis, of the confederacy. She was a captain of cavalry.

Low Rates to the Northwest.

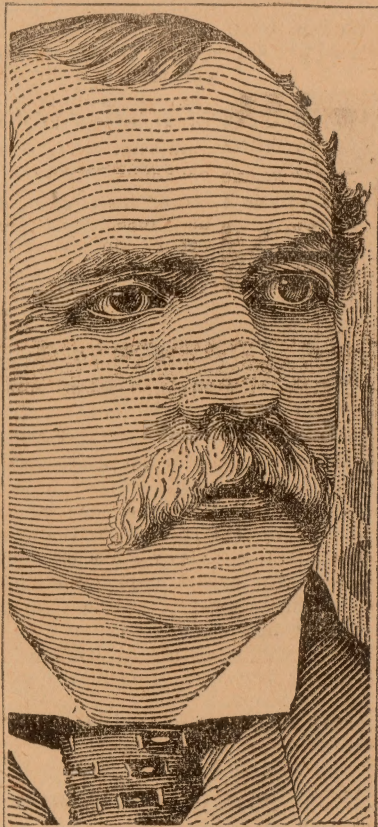
Every day until Oct. 31st the Great Northern Railway will sell one way Colonists' Tickets from Chicago at the following low rates:

To Seattle, Portland and Western Washington, \$32.00. Spokane, \$30.50. Equally low rates to Montana, Idaho, Oregon and British Columbia.

For further information address MAX BASS, General Immigration Agent, 220 So. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

Did you ever hear of a man falling in love with a woman's intellect?

UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM SOUTH CAROLINA PRAISES PE-RU-NA.



Ex-Senator M. C. Butler.

Dyspepsia Is Often Caused by Catarrh of the Stomach—Peruna Relieves Catarrh of the Stomach and Is Therefore a Remedy for Dyspepsia.

Hon. M. C. Butler, Ex-U. S. Senator from South Carolina for two terms, in a letter from Washington, D. C., writes to the Peruna Medicine Co., as follows:

"I can recommend Peruna for dyspepsia and stomach trouble. I have been using your medicine for a short period and I feel very much relieved. It is indeed a wonderful medicine, besides a good tonic."

CATARRH of the stomach is the correct name for most cases of dyspepsia. In order to cure catarrh of the stomach the catarrh must be eradicated. Only an internal catarrh remedy, such as Peruna, is available. Peruna exactly meets the indications.

CURES SICK-HEADACHE

Tablets and powders advertised as cures for sick-headache are generally harmful and they do not cure, but only deaden the pain by putting the nerves to sleep for a short time through the use of morphine or cocaine.

Lane's Family Medicine

the tonic-laxative, cures sick-headache, not merely stops it for an hour or two. It removes the cause of headache and keeps it away. Sold by all dealers at 25c. and 50c.

RICH RETURNS FOR INVESTORS

Don't be satisfied with the meager returns from the savings bank or real estate, but learn of an investment which will pay as much in a year as others do in a lifetime. Nevada is the treasure home of the world—it fairly teems with rich gold, silver and other precious ores. We have been looking for a company which has successfully promoted other enterprises which have paid as much as 100 per cent. If interested write for full information. W. B. LISS & CO., Denver, Colo., Philadelphia.

PENSION

Successfully Prosecutes Claims. Late Principal Examiner U. S. Pension Bureau.

\$25,000.00 FOR AGENTS. Pleasant work among your friends, frequent calls, large commissions, the price for all. Address Dept. 22, 11 E. 24th St., N. Y. City.

Novelist Avenged Dog's Death.

Gabriele d'Annunzio has erected a monument to his dog. The inscription is long, beginning: "Sacred to the imperishable memory of my greatest and most faithful friend." The dog was killed by a peasant some months ago. The novelist prosecuted the man, who, at the trial, at Florence, said that he killed the dog because it worried his hens. The author had engaged the services of two notable counsellors, at an expense of \$1,000, to prosecute. He won, and the peasant was sentenced to ten days' imprisonment.

The lady bug is generally at home when the kissing bug calls.

THEY CURE ANEMIA

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills the Most Successful Remedy for All Forms of Debility.

Anemia, whether it results from actual loss of blood, from lack of nutrition due to stomach trouble, or whatever its cause, is simply a deficiency of the vital fluid. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make new blood. They do that one thing and they do it well.

"As a girl," says Mrs. Jessie Flint, of 180 East Mill street, Akron, Ohio, "I suffered from nervous indigestion and when I was eighteen years old I was reduced in weight to 85 pounds. I was anemic, nervous, couldn't eat or sleep, was short of breath after the least exertion and had headaches almost constantly. I had a doctor, of course, but I might as well have taken so much water for all the good his medicine did me. Finally my vitality and strength were so reduced that I had to take to my bed for several weeks at a time. I could not digest any solid food and for weeks I did not take any nourishment but a cup of tea or beef broth."

"While I was sick in bed I read of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I stopped all other medicine and began to take the pills. Soon my improvement was very noticeable. My strength began to return, my stomach gave me no pain and just as soon as I began to take solid food I gained in weight. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills certainly saved my life. I am now perfectly well, have regained my normal weight of 120 pounds and I think Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a wonderful medicine."

These celebrated pills are recommended for stubborn stomach trouble, for all cases

A WOMAN'S KIDNEYS.

Women have much to do, so many critical periods to go through, that it is important to keep the kidneys well, and avoid the backache, headache, dizziness, languor and other common signs of weak kidneys.

Mrs. Charles E. Smith, of 22 Borden St., Woonsocket, R. I., says: "My kidneys were weak from childhood, and for eight or ten years past my back was very painful and I had many annoying symptoms besides. When I began taking Doan's Kidney Pills I weighed only 120. To-day I weigh 165, and am in better health than for years. Doan's Kidney Pills have been my only kidney medicine during four years past. They bring me out of every attack."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Don't accuse men of acting the fool; perhaps they are not really acting.

You can do your dyeing in half an hour with PUNAM FADELESS DYES. Ask your druggist.

No man imagines he is as homey as he is.

Stiffness, Stitches, Lameness, Cramp all disappear when you apply St. Jacobs Oil.

If the shoe fits it's a sure sign a woman will ask for a smaller size.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, soothes the gums, reduces inflammation, cures wind colic, etc. A bottle.

Mexicans Have Fine Harbor. The Mexicans claim to have the finest harbor on the Pacific coast at Manzanillo. About \$3,500,000 (gold) has been spent on it, and \$2,500,000 more is to be spent in perfecting it.

Important to Mothers. Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it is

Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. H. H. H.*

In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Vesuvius Did Travel Far. Paris was overspread with a dry, yellowish fog the morning of April 11 of this year. A scientist, believing that the fog had been caused by the eruption of Mount Vesuvius, placed upon the roof of his dwelling a series of plates covered with glycerin to catch the dust in the fog. It was found that part of the deposit on the plates was a very fine sand, completely identical with the ash sent up by Vesuvius in 1822. In addition to this sand the fog contained some perfectly spherical globules of oxidized iron.

Round and Square Balls. A few years ago there was started in Chelsea, Mass., a semi-secret political organization, and after a few meetings it was decided that a ballot box and ballots were needed.

A brother made a motion that a committee be appointed by the chair to procure the same. A brother who was always suggesting amendments moved an amendment that the committee be instructed to procure round white balls and square black balls. Another brother asked him to describe a square ball, which brought the house down and caused the mover of the amendment to ejaculate: "You think you are a d—d smart, don't you?"

Rulers Look for "Rainy Day." Nearly all European kings and queens have money invested in foreign countries. Every year the czar and czarina of Russia intrust a large portion of their private savings to the British and French national banks.

King Leopold, of Belgium, has a universal reputation, and an enviable one, as Leopold & Co., rubber merchants. He founded the Congo Free State and is one of the largest rubber and ivory dealers in the world. He is also one of the cleverest of financiers, and knows his way about all the bourses of Europe. King George of Greece speculates largely in agricultural products, follows carefully all the fluctuations of the financial markets and is assiduous in putting his money into good things. The sultan of Turkey declines to trust any Turkish bank with his savings, which are nearly all deposited in British banks.

A FOOD CONVERT. Good Food the True Road to Health.

The pernicious habit some persons still have of relying on nauseous drugs to relieve dyspepsia, keeps up the patent medicine business and helps keep up the army of dyspeptics.

Indigestion—dyspepsia—is caused by what is put into the stomach in the way of improper food, the kind that so taxes the strength of the digestive organs they are actually crippled.

When this state is reached, to resort to stimulants is like whipping a tired horse with a big load. Every additional effort he makes under the lash increases his loss of power to move the load.

Try helping the stomach by leaving off heavy, greasy, indigestible food and take on Grape-Nuts—light, easily digested, full of strength for nerves and brain, in every grain of it. There's no waste of time or energy when Grape-Nuts is the food.

"I am an enthusiastic user of Grape-Nuts and consider it an ideal food," writes a Maine man:

"I had nervous dyspepsia and was all run down and my food seemed to do me but little good. From reading an adv. I tried Grape-Nuts food, and after a few weeks' steady use of it, felt greatly improved.

"Am much stronger, not nervous now, and can do more work without feeling so tired, and am better every way.

"I relish Grape-Nuts best with cream and use four heaping teaspoonsful at a meal. I am sure there are thousands of persons with stomach trouble who would be benefited by using Grape-Nuts." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pages. "There's a reason."

Lavender Creighton's Lovers

By OLIVIA B. STROHM

(Copyright, 1923, by Olivia B. Strohm.) CHAPTER XXIV.—CONTINUED.

At last, with the wind swaying the trees, the water kissing the pebbles as accompaniment to her words, she spoke: "To-day, to-night, the doubt is gone; I trust you utterly. But—and I give you fair warning—I may change again."

She nodded her head merrily; her mood was, on a sudden, strangely light—almost, hysterical. Then, more seriously: "I don't trust my moods lately, they vary so. I may have been right then—or I may be right now, but I want to be honest to-night—honest with my heart—and you. And to-night, for the present, all's well."

"And, sweet one, for so much, thanks. You know the wisest man has said: 'There is a time to love and a time to hate.' Let us be happy now in the 'time to trust, the time to love.'"

Owatoga returned, and at his suggestion Boone rose. "You are right, we must press on," he said, and the Indian advanced to Lavender. "Owatoga will carry the white maid over the water; the ford is deep."

Lifting her as though she were no greater burden than the quiver that swung over one shoulder, he raised her to the other and plunged into the river.

The others followed, but the opposite side regained, the old pioneer staggered and fell, half fainting, in Winslow's arms.

"You are ill, sir? Quick, Owatoga! The brandy!" And they worked hard to revive the old man who lay in a stupor on the sand.

"I—I have felt only tolerable well for a few days, and—and the walk—the walk has—has tired me. The water was cold—cold." And he shivered.

So all night they camped there, Owatoga guarding against surprise while Winslow and Lavender, too anxious for sleep, watched the pioneer, who lay helpless with fatigue and sudden cold.

With early dawn he rallied a bit, and they pushed on until, at noon, they paused in a beautiful, sheltered grove.

Boone smiled like a pleased, tired child. "I shall rest here," he said. "I think we are secure; they have probably abandoned the trail. At any rate, I need go no further. St. Charles is but a few miles due east. You can easily reach it tonight. Good-by."

In vain they insisted upon remaining with him until he was stronger.

"No; for the sake of the girl's anxious father—for her sick mother, she must be brought home at once. Lose no time. I can soon have a cabin here as good as the one we left."

They set to work, and in a small ravine, with a palisade of poplars protecting it, and a hedge of pawpaw bushes all about, they put up a tiny shelter which the rugged woodsman declared was fit for a king's chamber.

When the time for farewells was come, Owatoga surprised Winslow by extending a ruddy hand. "Good-by," he said.

Daniel Boone, too, looked up amazed. "Why, how is this?"

But the Indian sturdily retorted: "Owatoga stays; he will not leave the old man of the woods."

In vain Boone protested.

"He is right," Winslow declared; "the main road lies just beyond that ridge. We can easily find it, and the journey is short. Our one regret, sir, is leaving you."

And there were tears in Lavender's eyes when she bent over and reverently kissed the high forehead and smoothed the long, white hair.

"God bless you, girl," he said, weakly. "If you never see Daniel Boone again, think of him sometimes. And think of him as the 'Old man of the woods.'"

He added this proudly, as though he wished no nobler title. Owatoga went with them until in sight of the road—a narrow hall in the green pavilion of nature—a weed-grown gap in the wilderness. With a few terse directions, and a grateful farewell, the guide left them to complete the journey together.

CHAPTER XXV.

"The King's Highway is a little uncertain," Winslow laughed as they trudged over the trail where only the trusted mark of wheels showed traces of frontier enterprise.

Lavender tried to return the sally, but the words would not come, and she walked by his side, dumb and heavy-eyed.

"Why so pensive?" he asked at last. But her reply was evasive, and he said no more, but talked of things impersonal.

About noon they rested by a brook that invited them by a cheerful gurgle. Lavender sat on the mossy turf while Winslow busied himself arranging the lunch from a hamper.

At the brookside he filled a leaf with water.

"Drink," he commanded. "This is the cup of Lethe! You need it with that tragedy in your eyes."

"Have we time to stay here and rest a little?" she asked.

Winslow glanced at the sun. "He has long to travel," he said. "He will light us for hours yet, and he threw himself at her feet, while she said, with light rally: 'I see you have caught some of Owatoga's tricks of speech.'"

After a pause he said: "You are cold to me to-day; you are not happy with me. Won't you tell me why?"

She did not answer.

"Lavender" (and he lingered over the name), "Tell me why. Is this, then, the time to hate?"

She looked into his eyes frankly. "No," she said; "no, not a time to hate. That time will never come. But it is a time to talk. A time to think. A time to be honest with myself—and you."

Self-digust was vibrant in her voice. Then she opened the bag which had dangled at her waist, and from it drew the yellow envelope.

Winslow gave an exclamation of distressed annoyance, but said nothing.

"Then you recognize this?" and there was haughty distrust again in her manner.

"I am sorry to say I do. May I ask how it came in your possession?"

His manner, too, was cold and peremptory.

She did not reply, and he continued: "The abominable mystery—for me—surrounding that letter is bad enough without your being mixed up in it too; that I cannot bear."

With flashing eyes she returned: "It is true that this letter is none of my affair unless—unless we are to be friends. If we are," her voice dropped lower, "then surely I have the right to know why she—that half-breed woman—wrote this?"

She extended the letter toward him, entreating, reproaching and scorn in her look and tone.

Winslow took it calmly and, glancing it over with an indifferent air, said: "She did not write it."

"Did not write it?" she repeated, vaguely.

"She did not. I have the best proof in the world. She cannot write at all."

Then, as she stared at him dumfounded, he explained further: "This letter is a forgery—written for what purpose, Heaven alone knows. Its only result was that, in total ignorance of the reason for my summons, or of whom I was going to meet, I came to the place appointed—in time to receive a stab in the back. Of course, I was a fool to go, but—well, you see the note is urgent. 'For the sake of one I love,' the writer says."

He ended with a meaning look straight into her eyes, which were beginning to droop before the absolute honesty in his.

"The woman, Belle, has assured me that she never sent me a message of any sort; the question is—who did?"

Who, indeed? A dreadful doubt was fomenting in Lavender's brain, but she persevered feebly: "But the girl—who was in the woods that night?"

He laughed. "Well, I suppose I must take everybody's word that there was a girl there, but—well, I did not see her. It is plain I did not have my wits about me. By the way, I have met her since; our estates join; he added, with mock dignity.

Already penitent, ashamed of questions which might seem at best a low curiosity, at worst a foolish jealousy, Lavender yet persisted: "Then you—Lavender did not know her before?"

"How could I have had that pleasure? You know that was my first appearance in St. Charles. Rather an inauspicious debut, wasn't it?"

Quickly over the girl's mind flashed the conversation she had heard at the frolic, the gossip of the "branch-water girl," and her "city beau."

In an attempt to make the crooked straight, she repeated the talk to him now, concluding: "None of the gossip of the city cavalier impressed me at the time, but later, when I heard of the meeting in the wood, it seemed reasonable to think that—that you were the man."

She faltered through this with an apologetic blush, and for a moment Winslow was silent.

Then: "Reasonable?" he echoed. "My effort to please you has surely been in vain if you think it 'reasonable' that I could stoop to secret trips to St. Charles for the sly wooing of a rustic maid."

Indignation rose with speech, and he finished, sternly: "You have done—not only me, but yourself—a great injustice."

She was dumb; stricken with an overwhelming sense of loss—loss of the man who was more than worthy of the love which she now realized had always been his—must ever be his.

And Winslow's manner softened as she drooped before him in sweet contrition. "Never mind, sweetheart," he said, tenderly, but still interrupted him with sudden vehemence: "Then why did that remind me over and over again that you killed her father, and—"

Without touching her outstretched hand: "So, we have found you!" he said.

That was all, and there was a ring in his voice, a glitter in his eyes like steel.

"Why, Gerald, have you no word of welcome—are you not glad to see me?"

Here Winslow interposed, quietly: "I fear I am the one he is not glad to see," and he faced the brother who surveyed him in haughty silence.

"But why—I don't understand," Lavender stammered, looking helplessly from one to the other.

Here Gonzaga bowed low to her. "Perhaps I can enlighten you, Miss Creighton. But first—"

Mechanically she put her palm in his and, holding it in a lingering pressure, he continued: "First allow me to say how glad I am to see you safe and well."

She withdrew her hand. "This is no time for compliment, senior. I am surely puzzled at this greeting. Where I expected pleasure, a word of welcome, at least, I meet with coldness, and a public snub. I am loath to turn from my brother for explanation, but it seems I am forced to it."

At this Gerald's anger burst all bounds, and he cried: "What? You ask what is the matter? You, who disappeared with this man's servant, only to be encountered alone with the master two days later?"

Winslow stood silent, holding himself in check by a great effort.

To his surprise, Lavender gave a little sarcastic laugh. "Are you worried about the servant? He is safe—as I have been."

Then dropping the mask of lightness. "Safe," she repeated. "Safe, with this gentleman, but for whom you would have gone back to our mother—alone."

She ended with a touch of solemnity which was not without its effect upon her brother. He turned toward Winslow, but before he could speak, Gonzaga interposed, with a laugh, low, rippling, but not pleasant to hear. "We all agree in delight at your rescue—I, of all men, have cause to rejoice," and again he bent over her hand.

(To Be Continued.)

Center of Feeling.

It is when the pocket is touched that things begin to stir

MADE THINGS HUM

INDICANT BEES FOR A TIME OWNED THE CAMP.

Innocent Apple Brought in to Make Fire. Contained Bees of Disturbance.

The man who brought the innocent Apple Brought in to Make Fire. Contained Bees of Disturbance.

A squirrel ran, unalarmed, across their path. A blackbird scolded from a walnut tree near, and the scent of the green nuts was overpowering.

Ever afterwards their pungent fragrance called to mind this scene—the sandy road with its border of tangled grass, and in the center of the picture the girl, ankle deep in flowering weeds. On the muslin bodice was a stain of pokeberry juice, forming a crimson cross on her breast.

"Forgive me," he said, simply.

Her voice was strained and weary as she answered: "There is nothing to forgive, only—I have no right to love you."

"There is somebody else?" She bowed.

"And you would not tell me before?" She raised her hand, as if to ward off a blow. "Don't; I was weak last night," she pleaded, "and it was sweet to drift. But I am strong now—strong to live without your love. But not—her voice faltered—'Oh, not, not without your friendship! Let that ever abide with me.'"

She extended both hands, and he took them in silence.

At that moment there was a sound in the forest, an indistinguishable sound; but their hearts stood still to hear.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A strange sound in those wild woods was enough to make the boldest start. All day they had heard only the hum of bee, or twitter of bird; the swaying of branch or flutter of leaf in the too ardent caress of the south wind.

But this noise was none of these. It came from the road whence they had journeyed. The Indians! They were overtaken!

A fear seized the girl—a horror so awful that she would have fallen but for Winslow's protecting arms. For no other terror the mind of those days could conjure had power to appall like this.

As both stood to catch the sounds that grew nearer, they distinguished the tramp of hoofs, and mingled with these the voices and laughter of many merrymen.

Laughter! Speech! Here was relief so great that they wanted to shout aloud—to give it some physical utterance. For Indians did not pursue fugitives with tumult of voices and clatter of harness.

"Thank God for the laughter!" Winslow cried. "The 'crackling of thorns' shall be my next toast."

Lavender's smile was an effort as nearer came the ring of hoofs and the sound of men in loud talk. They were not Indians—for that she was deeply grateful, but what were they? An interruption was unwelcome now. A premonition of evil made her shrink back as a troop of horsemen filed into view. The search party! Winslow was ashamed of his sudden sinking of heart at the sight which should have been so welcome, for her sake. But their happy hour together was ended now. Gerald rode ahead, Gonzaga beside him.

SEIZE AND HOLD AUTO.

Glasgow, Scotland, Has Effective Penalty for Seizing.

If a child use his pocket knife to cut the bark off a tree, or carve his name on a mahogany table, the knife is taken away from him. This removes the temptation to mischief, deprives him of the object with which damage was done and punishes him by keeping from him that which with which he could have much innocent amusement.

Glasgow applies this method to automobilists who offend. The penalty is imposed upon the machine, and not the man. The automobile is seized and locked up for from ten days upward, according to the gravity or frequency of the offense. The owner is thus deprived of that which he was not using rationally, and the public is saved this risk of having a dangerous machine in the hands of a thoughtless person. If a man were caught lifting the dust off the road at the rate of 40 miles an hour in the spring and had his \$10,000 auto taken away from him and kept all through the long summer months, he would be likely to exercise greater care next season. It really looks as though the Glasgow bailiffs had discovered how to make the punishment fit the crime.

The Vision of Insects.

A notable fact about the vision of insects, and one which it may be supposed must largely influence their view of the external world, is the number of facets, or lenses, in compound eyes. A German naturalist, K. Leinemann, has been painstaking enough to count the number of facets in the eyes of no fewer than 150 species of beetle. He finds that in the same species and sex the number increases with the size of the body. There is usually no permanent differences between the sexes as to the number of facets. Occasionally, however, the difference is marked, as in the case of *Lampyrus splendula*, in which the male has 2,500 and the female 300. One species is noted which has the extraordinary number of 24,000 facets in its eye. The number of facets is greater in the rapidly moving active forms than in the more sluggish species.

Marriage Service "Obey." Much excitement has been caused among the circles of those about to marry by a Blackpool clergyman omitting the word "obey" during the marriage service. He was celebrating recently. The clergyman gave as an explanation that when women repeat the vow after him they always slur over the obey. Nowadays women obey just as well if it is left out. Happy those husbands who expect little; they will not be disappointed.

Paris Figaro.

OPERATIONS AVOIDED

770 Grateful Letters from Women Who Avoided Serious Operations.—Many Women Suffering from Like Conditions Will Be Interested.



When a physician tells a woman, suffering from female trouble, that an operation is necessary it, of course, frightens her.

The very thought of the operating table and the knife strikes terror to her heart. As one woman expressed it, when told by her physician that she must undergo an operation, she felt that her death knell had sounded.

Our hospitals are full of women who are there for just such operations. It is quite true that these troubles may reach a stage where an operation is the only resource, but such cases are much rarer than is generally supposed, because a great many women have been cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound after the doctors had said an operation must be performed. In fact, up to the point where the knife must be used to secure instant relief, this medicine is certain to help.

The strongest and most grateful statements possible to make come from women who, by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, have escaped serious operations.

Margrite Ryan, Treasurer of St. Andrew's Society, Indianapolis, Ind., writes of her cure as follows:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:— "I cannot find words to express my thanks for the good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did me. The doctor said I could not get well unless I had an operation for the trouble from which I suffered. I knew I could not stand the strain of an operation and made up my mind I would be invalid for life. Hearing how Lydia E. Pinkham's

Vegetable Compound had saved other women from serious operations I decided to try it, and in less than four months I was entirely cured; and words fail to express my thankfulness."

Mrs. Margaret Merkley, of 275 3d Street, Milwaukee, Wis., writes:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:— "Loss of strength, extreme nervousness, severe shooting pains through the pelvic organs, cramps, bearing-down pains, and an irritable disposition compelled me to seek medical advice. The doctor, after making an examination, said that I had a serious female trouble and ulceration, and advised an operation. To this I strongly objected—and I decided as a last resort to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. To my surprise the ulceration healed, all the bad symptoms disappeared, and I am once more strong, vigorous and well; and I cannot express my thanks for what it has done for me."

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been curing the worst forms of female complaints, all functional troubles, inflammation, ulceration, falling and displacement, weakness, irregularities, indigestion and nervous prostration. Any woman who could read the many grateful letters on file in Mrs. Pinkham's office would be convinced of the efficiency of her advice and Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Ask Mrs. Pinkham's Advice—A Woman Best Understands a Woman's Ills.

Write for Free Trial Box THE E. B. PINKHAM CO., Boston, Mass.

W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 43, 1906.

NO MORE MUSTARD PLASTERS TO BLISTER. THE SCIENTIFIC AND MODERN EXTERNAL COUNTER-IRRITANT.

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EXTRACT OF THE CAYENNE PEPPER PLANT

A QUICK, SURE, SAFE AND ALWAYS READY CURE FOR PAIN—PRICE 15c.—IN COLLAPSIBLE TUBES—AT ALL DRUGGISTS. BY MAIL ON RECEIPT OF 15c. IN POSTAGE STAMPS. DON'T WAIT TILL THE PAIN COMES—KEEP A TUBE HANDY.

A substitute for and superior to mustard or any other plaster, and will not blister the most delicate skin. The pain-alleviating and cooling effect of the article are wonderful. It will stop the toothache at once, and relieve Headache and Sciatica. We recommend it as the best and safest external counter-irritant known, also as an external remedy for pains in the chest and stomach and all Rheumatic, Neuralgic and Gouty complaints. A trial will prove what we claim for it, and it will be found to be invaluable in the household and for children. Once used no family will be without it. Ask people say "it is the best of all your preparations." Accept the preparation of Vaseline unless the same carries our label, as otherwise it is not genuine. SEND YOUR ADDRESS AND WE WILL MAIL OUR VASELINE PAMPHLET WHICH WILL INTEREST YOU.

CHESEBROUGH MFG. CO. 17 STATE STREET, NEW YORK CITY

Enameline NO DIRT SLOP NO SMOKE NO SWELL NO MISS OR SPATTER

STOVE POLISH

Could Take His Choice. At a recent inquest in a Pennsylvania town, one of the jurors, after the usual swearing in, arose and with much dignity protested against the jury, alleging that he was the general manager of an important concern and was wasting valuable time by sitting as a juror at an inquest.

The coroner, turning to his clerk, said: "Mr. Morgan, kindly hand me 'Jervis' (the authority on juries)."

Then, after consulting the book, the coroner observed to the unwilling juror:

"Upon reference to 'Jervis,' I find, sir, that no persons are exempt from service as jurors except idiots, imbeciles and lunatics. Now, under which heading do you claim exemption?"—Success Magazine.

When a young man gets married his mother always wonders what he can see in a girl like that.

W. L. DOUGLAS \$3.50 & \$3.00 Shoes

BEST IN THE WORLD

W. L. Douglas \$4 Gilt Edge shoe cannot be equalled at any price

To Shoe Dealers: W. L. Douglas shoes are made in the most complete shoe factory in the world. Send for Catalog



Brushes That Wear

not tear the hair—brushes that are strong and serviceable, shapely and beautiful—take up quite a bit of our showcase and drawer room. Many forms and sizes ("Military" or single) many prices. And not hair brushes only—tooth brushes, nail brushes, flesh brushes, too. Brush up on brushes.

SMITH BROS.
CITY DRUG STORE
103 Congress Street.

Right Up to Date

Our shelves are loaded down with the latest patterns in

Footwear

If you want an easy, durable, and stylish shoe, apply at our store,

204 CONGRESS ST.

Agents for the famous Allen's
Kushion Comfort Shoe
\$3.50 for women \$4.00 for men

E. E. TRIM

When a woman sees a piece of dress goods that she likes she will readily pay more for it than take a cheaper piece. That is why many women are ordering

"RICHELIEU" Canned Goods

every day. They are not so very much higher in price than other goods, either—only better in quality.

Richelieu Corn, 15c
Richelieu Peas, 20c
Richelieu Beans, 18c
Richelieu Spinach, 20c
Richelieu Succotash, 15c
Richelieu Lima Beans, 15c

Davis & Co.
On the Corner

Progressing Rapidly
with our education of the people. We are teaching them that good quality

Furniture
is cheap at any price, and on the other hand inferior goods are dear no matter how low the cost.

You will find neither poor goods nor high prices here. This is a representative stock, and there is a large showing of

- Rockers -
from the foremost makers.

We have adjusted prices at fair figures—we would be justified in calling them low—and you certainly can get the best value here.

Special Sale this week on Carpets, Art Squares and 6x12 Rugs, Draperies, Lace Curtains, 100-Piece Dinner Sets, and Fancy Pieces in China.

WALLACE & CLARKE
Lax-ets 5 C Sweet to Eat
A Candy Board Laundry.

The Ypsilantian

Established January 1, 1880
W. M. OSBAND, Editor and Proprietor
THE YPSILANTIAN is published each Thursday afternoon, from the office, Savings Bank Building, entrance from Congress street.
TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:
Payable in Advance.
Family Edition, eight pages—Per year, \$1.50.
Local Edition, four pages—Per year, \$1.00.
Advertising rates reasonable, and made known on application.

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Of all descriptions executed in the neatest style, promptly, and at reasonable prices. Our facilities are excellent, and our workmen superior. A large and varied stock of Folders and Cards always on hand. Estimates upon any kind of printing upon application.
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FRIENDS OF THE YPSILANTIAN WHO HAVE BUSINESS AT THE PROBATE COURT, WILL PLEASE REQUEST JUDGE LELAND TO SEND THEIR PRINTING TO THIS OFFICE

YPSILANTI, OCT. 25, 1906

Tragedy Walked Abroad.

Tragedy shadowed Sunday, and one shock succeeded another as people came to learn on Monday morning what had been happening. The severest shock, though it was not unexpected to those who knew what had been impending for weeks, was the suicide of Mrs. Fred W. Coe, Sunday night. Early Monday morning her son missed her from her room when he awoke, and finding the bathroom locked and a strong odor of gas from it, called his sister and they summoned Officer Ryan, who broke in the door, being almost overpowered by gas that filled the room. Mrs. Coe lay on the floor, her head upon a pillow, and a tube from the gas jet still in her hand. She had placed her ring on her little son's finger, unknown to him, and had sought the end she had constantly threatened since the stroke of paralysis she suffered last winter. Once some years ago she had sought to end her life similarly rather than to reside in Omaha, where her husband had a shop, and the shock of his sudden death had again severely tried her shaken nerves. Since her illness last spring she had been under the delusion that the family were without means of livelihood, though she was really comfortably off, and had declared that either she or the children must die, and often dwelt in her melancholy on the advantage of all leaving the world together. So alarmed did her friends become that she was taken to the psychopathic ward at Ann Arbor where it was said that she might with proper care recover; but others interfered and the testimony of doctors who knew the danger was set aside and she was adjudged sane, though on her return she was as deeply depressed as before. Sunday afternoon she had expressed her despondency to a neighbor, but the children had no hint of her intention. Mrs. Coe was 39 years old. She leaves two children, Lillian and Harrison, and her mother, Mrs. Granger, who have the deep sympathy of the community. The funeral was held Tuesday with cremation at Detroit, by a provision in her will. Mrs. Coe was active in the church and much liked and respected, and her sorrowful life won sympathy from all.

Saturday night Chief of Police C. B. Masten of Ann Arbor was shot down deliberately by one Raymond Kent, who had been reported as causing a row in "Lower Town." The chief was called and was at the foot of the stairs and the shot struck the abdomen, Kent firing from upstairs. Luckily Masten wore heavy clothing that protected him, and though 100 pellets were taken from his flesh, it is thought he will recover. Kent escaped by the connivance of George Randall, who had furnished him the cartridges and who is under arrest as an accessory to attempted murder. Officers have been looking everywhere for Kent. Ann Arbor people are terribly aroused and there was talk of lynching. \$500 reward is offered for Kent.

Chester Bell was found unconscious and with a deep gash behind his ear and his eyes blackened, in a boat tied to a stake near the railroad bridge near the Peninsular mill, Saturday afternoon. He claimed that he had anchored his boat and was fishing and knew not what hit him, but an elderly man who had been on the river that day said he saw Bell with two other young men, and two boys claimed that they saw two fellows beat another and send him adrift. It is thought Bell had a scrap with some mates and is unwilling to tell on them. He was found by a party of Normal boys.

A Bold Burglary.

Burt G. Moorman's house on Congress street was visited by burglars some time Saturday night, who entered by a front window and decamped with Mr. Moorman's coat and vest, in which were \$65 in cash, a gold watch and a diamond-set Masonic chain, some bank papers and a mileage on the Ypsi-Ann. The clothing, papers and mileage were found lying in the back yard of George DeMosh across the street, but the money and watch were gone. The family were not aware of their caller till in the morning Mr. Moorman found his coat and vest missing.

The same night a house owned by O. A. Ainsworth and just moved out of the George Rathfon was broken into, the door-casing being broken, and some trunks that had not yet been removed were broken into and rifled. A house on Lowell street was also entered and a pie and a cake taken and the dishes left on the lawn.

Our stock of winter footwear and rubber goods is ready for your inspection. We have a complete line of artics, Felts, Mackinaws, and every thing to keep the feet warm. C. D. O'CONNOR.

WANTED—Woman to do general housework. Good wages. References required. Might employ man and wife. Enquire 112 Washington street, week days 10 to 11, or Saturday 7 p. m. Telephone, Bell line, 157.



FRANK T. NEWTON
Republican Candidate for Sheriff.

It is well known that the sheriff's office has, from time immemorial, been the target for adverse criticism, so much so that people have come to accept the proposition that it deserves all it gets, without stopping to question whether the man holding it is doing his duty, or not. We have reason just now for calling a halt on the croakers, and demanding proof of their charges, in the case of our present sheriff, for instance, who has not escaped this belligerent attitude and as we are well convinced has suffered rank injustice at the hands of the faultfinders.

Sheriff Newton has done what no other sheriff has done, and that is he has kept a book account, itemized, of all he has received and paid out, and at the last meeting of the supervisors laid the whole matter before them, requesting the board to examine and audit his accounts.

The expense of his office is far less than, under other sheriffs, and nothing can be found in the management to warrant the criticisms which some restless spirits, for political purposes, have published all over the county.

Take the matter of deputies. Those outside his office have cost the county, all told, the sum of \$555. Look over the supervisors' proceedings of other years and you will understand the economy the sheriff has practiced in this item alone. While he has been blamed for the hobo expense, yet, in truth, he was responsible in no particular. He had to take those, whether one or a hundred, who were sentenced to jail, and the expense was alarming, but the blame should rest on the constables and justices who worked the machine and not on the sheriff. Investigation further shows that they served the time for which they were sentenced, all reports to the contrary notwithstanding. Mr. Newton is fully vindicated by the facts.

The deputies who have immediate charge of the prisoners at the jail are paid a salary by the sheriff, but aside from this they have other duties, such as attending courts and capturing criminals which the county pays. For the entire year the charges for this service against the county have been a little less than \$800.

This record is a triumphant vindication of Sheriff Newton, and the people ought to show their appreciation by giving him a second term, backed by the largest majority the county is capable of.

The defeat of Mr. Newton will certainly show the people seriously indifferent to the just claims of a thoroughly honest and businesslike official. No friend of good government who investigates can well deny Mr. Newton a most hearty support.

Townsend at Ypsilanti, November 1

Congressman Charles E. Townsend will address the people of this vicinity on the issues of the day at the Ypsilanti opera house, Thursday evening, Nov. 1. It is needless to say that Mr. Townsend is one of the most effective speakers on the public platform to-day. He goes to the heart of the issues and clearly, sincerely and strongly presents them to his audiences. Mr. Townsend has made the second district of Michigan a powerful factor in national affairs and he should have a large audience. The Townsend rally two years ago was one of the best ever held in this city, and all who heard the congressman became his hearty admirers.

Miss Kate Hopkins.

J. H. Hopkins received word last night of the death of his sister, Miss Kate Hopkins, of typhoid fever at her home in Denver, Col. Miss Hopkins was born in Ypsilanti 27 years ago and was at one time a teacher in our schools. She was a young woman of lovely character, and her parents, Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Hopkins, will have general sympathy. It is the first break in the family of nine children.

William Parker.

William Parker of Geddes died Tuesday after a long illness, aged 70 years. He was born in Buckinghamshire, England, and there married Miss Mary Lawley. In 1860 they came to their present farm near Geddes. Mr. Parker leaves a wife and six children—Mrs. W. H. Spooner and Fred Parker of Superior, Mrs. Ray Hinkley of Hamburg, Mrs. Mortimer Crittenden of Ypsilanti, and George and Miss Minnie Parker of Geddes.

We carry the famous Ball Brand, Mishawaka, Goodyear Glove, Boston Rubbers at very low prices.
C. D. O'CONNOR.

Auction.

WARREN LEWIS, the great auctioneer, will sell the Reeves residence, also the beautiful furniture, carpets, pictures, etc., Friday afternoon at 2:30, Oct. 26. Farmers should attend this sale. At the residence, No. 614 W. Congress street, Ypsilanti.

Job Printing at The Ypsilantian

Football.

The Ypsilanti and Ann Arbor high school football teams played off the interscholastic championship game Friday, Ann Arbor winning, 23 to 0. Ann Arbor outweighed Ypsilanti twenty pounds per man, but during the first half it was an even struggle, all the Ypsilanti boys putting up a game fight, and Kilian, Dean, Grant, McKay George and Baker doing specially clever work on defence and offense. Killian's ankle was hit early so that it was impossible for him to make the daring runs and tackles, but he played a fine game throughout, despite his injury. The officials, Rowe, the track man, and Rowell from Ann Arbor were poorly versed in the new rules and failed to see many hurdles and offside plays on Ann Arbor's part, though finally the umpire penalized Ann Arbor severely for their seventh case of hurdling. In the second half, the Ypsilanti team was wearied and Ann Arbor put in some fresh star men, and in a few minutes Mann scored, Spaeth kicking goal. It was growing dark and Ann Arbor's fine interference made it difficult to tell where the ball was, and Ann Arbor made star runs around end, Hutzler making 60 yards one time and Mann 50 another, both resulting in a touchdown. Spaeth also made a score. Ypsilanti's chance to score came in the first half when they had held their opponents, who failed to make the distance in three tries. They also fumbled the ball and Baker saved it, but the referee took the ball from Ypsilanti on Ann Arbor's twenty-yard line, and gave it to Ann Arbor, despite the rules to which Head Linesman Witmore of the Varsity called his attention. Had Ypsilanti been given the ball as they should have been, they might have scored, as they were fresh and it was before Kilian was hurt. The Ypsilanti team played fine football throughout but was too light. Ypsilanti will not play Plymouth at Reinhart field Friday afternoon, Plymouth canceling the game.

The Normal College and the Flint Mutes played one of the fashionable 0 to 0 games at Flint Saturday. This was the first real test of the most of the Normal men, and they put up a fair game. Coach Schulte will keep the men busy this week strengthening weak spots and to-day they play Detroit College. Roy Brown was elected captain of the team, an excellent choice.

The eighth grade teams of the Ypsilanti and Ann Arbor public schools had a very lively game here Saturday. The youngsters showed good ability and played a fast and plucky game. The visitors were far the heavier, and twice scored in the first half by long end runs by Ruehle and Tuomey, and once kicked goal, but in the second half Ypsilanti had all the best of it and was rushing the ball down the field towards the enemy's goal line when time was called. The Ypsilanti boys were: Starks and Welcome, ends; Barrowcliffe and McFall, tackles; Crossman and Nowlin, guards; Dolbee, center; Sweet, quarter; Lang and Pierce, halves; Freeman, fullback. Sweet and Crossman starred. Score, 11 to 0.

Church Services.

Baptist Church—Rev. A. J. Hutchins, pastor.
Morning service, 10; Sunday school, 11:30; Junior meeting, 3; evening service, 7.
Morning and evening sermon by the pastor.

Congregational Church—Rev. A. G. Beach, pastor.
Morning service, 10; Sunday school, Mr. Norris' student class in the Prophets, Prof. Bowen's class in social and ethical teachings of the Bible, 11:30; evening service, 7.

Morning topic, "The joys of discovery;" evening, "The higher morality."

Free Methodist Mission—Rev. J. G. Anderson, pastor.
Free Methodist Mission, 316 Huron street. Services Tuesday and Friday evenings at 7; Sunday at 2:30 and 7.

German Lutheran church—Rev. Henri Luetjen.
Sunday morning service, 10; Sunday school, 11:30.
Methodist Church—Rev. Eugene Allen, pastor.
Morning service, 10:00; Sunday school, Dr. Hoyt's and Prof. Smellies' Bible classes, 11:30. Epworth League at 6; Juniors at 3; evening service, 7.

Morning topic, "Prayer as a factor in revival work." A Epworth League, an illustrated lecture on "China." Evening, Rev. Eugene Allen will preach on "What the Bible says about choosing a career," with sub-topics: "Does chance decide? Square pegs in round holes; at the foot; at the top; some wrong ideas; drowned out; a stray five minutes; true success."

Presbyterian Church—Rev. C. C. McIntire, pastor.
Morning service at 10; Sunday School, Mrs. Rankin's student class, 11:30; Junior C. E., 3; Adolphian Club and C. E., 6; evening service, 7.
Morning, Rev. Hunter Corbett, D. D., of China. Evening topic, "If a man does the best he can, will he not go to Heaven? Morality or Christ?" The second of a series of six evening sermons on popular questions, the answers to which are of vital importance to the soul's welfare.

St. John's Catholic church—Rev. Frank Kennedy, pastor.
Low mass, 7:30; high mass, 10; Sunday school, 11:30; Vespers, 7:30. Morning service week days at 7:30.

St. Luke's Episcopal Church—Rev. Wm. Gardam, pastor.
Services in St. Luke's Church, Sunday next, 20th Sunday after Trinity: Holy communion, 8 a. m.; Morning prayer, 9:30; Sunday school, 11:30 a. m.; evening service, 7.

Christian Science services are held in the basement of the Savings Bank Building, corner Congress and Huron streets, Sunday at 10:00 a. m. standard; Wednesday, 7:00 p. m. standard; Sunday school, 11:15 standard.

Christian Science reading room open daily from 2 to 5, except Sunday.

Subject of Lesson Sermon for Oct. 28, "Everlasting Punishment."

Real Estate at Auction!

FRIDAY, OCT. 26th

AT 2:30 P. M.

WARREN LEWIS, the Expert Real Estate Auctioneer, will sell by Public Auction.

A. V. Reeves' Residence
No. 614 WEST CONGRESS ST.

Ten-Room House, Barn and Coal Building; big lot, 4 rods by 14 rods; excellent home for any one wanting to make \$25 to \$30 a month renting rooms, its fine location, 614 W. Congress St., being right on the way to the State Normal College.

House has all modern improvements, electricity and gas, bath, city water and cistern. Terms easy. Clean Abstract.

A. V. REEVES, Owner.
WARREN LEWIS,
GREAT REAL ESTATE AUCTIONER

Additional Mere Mention.

Miss Jessie B. Gibbs will give a talk on "Music Education" in Conservatory hall, Wednesday afternoon, Oct. 31, at 1:30. The public are invited.

At the next Civic Improvement meeting at the Cleary College Nov. 8, members and friends are asked to come prepared to suggest profitable questions for discussion this winter.

Lester Osgood and Miss Mary Osgood of Ridgeway were guests of Prof. and Mrs. F. R. Gorton Sunday.

A. Wood of East Tawas has been visiting his daughter, Mrs. Guy Davis.

John Forsythe was pleasantly surprised by a party of friends Thursday evening, who presented him with a handsome chair in celebration of his birthday. Cards and supper followed.

The missionary talk that was to have been given by Miss Woodbury, a returned missionary, at Congregational chapel Friday evening, has been postponed till a week from Friday.

The Congregational trustees and pastor were pleasantly entertained at dinner Saturday evening at the home of E. M. Childs.

Ald. J. W. Stevens has returned from Ogden, Utah.

Mrs. C. L. Hall has gone to Jacksonville, Fla., to join Mr. Hall. They will spend the winter at Macon, Ga.

Mrs. F. U. Quillin is now able to be out again after a long illness.

The Washtenaw Rural Mail Carriers Association will meet at Ypsilanti Oct. 31.

The public schools will all be closed Friday and nearly all the teachers will attend the State Teachers' Institute at Battle Creek, as the law provides that they may do with full pay.

Water taxes are due and may be paid from Nov. 1 till December 1, after which 5 per cent will be added.

There are now 101 more water takers than there were two years and a half ago, says the city clerk.

At the Ladies' Literary Club yesterday Mrs. Van Fossen gave a report of the federation meeting and Mrs. Louise Humphrey gave an exhaustive paper on "Heraldry," illustrated with her own exquisite drawings. Lynn Hobart sang. The club will meet next week at the library.

The P. U. S. S. will hold their closing exercises for the season at the Roberts school house Sunday next at 3:30 local time. Special music will be given, and the public are welcome.

The Normal lecture course will open Tuesday evening, Oct. 30, with a lecture in Normal hall by the great actor, Frederick Warde. Mr. Warde has long played the great Shakespearean roles worthily and as a lecturer his beautiful voice and his exquisite diction add to the charm of his literary style.

Dr. Helen McAndrew is very ill.

Prof. S. B. Laird addressed the Lapeer county teachers' association Saturday.

The Ypsi-Ann will run double-headers from Detroit all the morning Saturday for the Michigan-Illinois football game at Ann Arbor.

Messrs. and Mesdames George Hopkins of Toledo, and Frank Whelden of Detroit visited their sister, Mrs. Milo E. Homan, Sunday, and attended the funeral of their aunt, Mrs. Lucking.

Mr. and Mrs. Fellows reached Las Tunas, Cuba, safely after some delay and a tiresome railroad journey across the Island.

Hon. W. C. Maybury of Detroit attended the funeral of Mrs. Joseph Lucking Sunday.

Mrs. J. Archer Van Cleve, who has been the guest of Miss Margaret Van Cleve, left yesterday for Cleveland.

Miss Lotta Coombs is visiting relatives in Hillsdale.

The Ypsilanti Woman's club met with Mrs. Clize yesterday and heard two especially well written papers on "The Progress of the United States" by Mrs.

FALL FOOTWEAR

Walk Overs
Queen Quality
Dr. Reed's Cushion Sole

Goodyear Glove
Ball Brand
Mishawakee and
Boston

AT LOW PRICES
C. D. O'CONNOR
SPECIALTY SHOE SHOP

H. A. Gilmore and "Women who have influenced the United States" by Miss Mamie Gibson.

The Epworth League gave a most pleasant reception to the students Thursday evening, with music, guessing contests, and refreshments, at the church parlors.

The Methodist Juniors held a merry penny social Friday evening.

McAndrew—Brabb.

The marriage of Miss Clara A. Brabb to Atwood R. McAndrew took place yesterday at the bride's home in Romeo, Rev. M. W. Gifford performing the ceremony in the presence of one hundred guests. Miss Lorinda Smith was maid of honor and Harry White of Detroit the best man. The function was elaborate, and nearly thirty guests went from this city by special car. Mr. and Mrs. McAndrew will visit New York, and will reside at 406 S. Huron street in this city. The bride was a former Ypsilanti, and the popular young couple will be generally congratulated by their many Ypsilanti friends.

For any pain, from top to toe, from any cause, apply Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. Pain can't stay where it is used.

Fixed Bayonets.

It is said that during the siege of Ladysmith in the Boer war the assault columns of British, advancing in the darkness, climbed up an almost precipitous wall. Once or twice they were faintly challenged. At last a Boer recognized them and shouted to the sentry to fire on the "verdamde rooienks!" As the crest was gained the fire broke out. A few of the attackers began to reply, but they were stopped, and the voice of the commanding officer was heard to give the order, "Fix bayonets!" That there were no bayonets did not matter. The men, taking up the cry, rushed on the Boer gunners, who fled at the thought of the cold steel.

FOR SALE—One of the best 70 acres of land the sun ever shone on, good buildings, Page wire fences, two wells, large cistern, not an inch of waste land; 7 miles southeast of Ypsilanti, one mile west of Willis. Telephone 8, 2 short, 1 long. W. D. KANE. 9901

FOR SALE—Square piano of good make for very reasonable terms. Enquire 123 Washington street. 9901

..Subscribe for The Ypsilantian..

The Oldest Sense of Humor.

The oldest idea of humor is surprise. This the child exhibits (for that which is oldest we shall find in the youngest) when it hides and cries "Boo!" both surprising and frightening its senior, be this senior father, mother, brother, sister or friend. One may find this primal sense of humor distributed through the modern short story. Frequently the turn in the plot, if not in its development, hinges upon this child humor of surprise. Even some grownup folk will pull a chair from under one, thus showing themselves still children in their sense of fun. The verbal conceit found in much of the verse in the pages of modern comic papers is of this same class of humor and furnishes conclusive evidence that a number of men and women are at child's play in literature. Poems which end contrary to their foreshadowings are of this sort. —New York Herald.

A Curious Custom.

In certain parts of India in families where there are several daughters the youngest sisters may only marry after the elder sister is married. Of course it frequently happens that no suitor appears for the elder, in which case she is got out of the way by a very neat expedient. She is wedded to a tree or a large flower, and then the younger sister may marry. The elder sister must be careful, however, to choose a plum, apple or apricot tree, from which she can get a divorce, for if she married an elm, pine or poplar these are sacred trees and must not be trifled with.

His Wig In His Pocket.

Benjamin Franklin once wore his wig in his pocket at the court of Versailles. When he was about to present himself at the court for the first time he was informed that a wig was essential. Franklin's head was so large that no ordinary wig would begin to fit it. However, one was found sufficiently large to pass him through the ante-chambers, after which he was permitted to remove the ridiculous conventional appendage and place it in his ample pocket.

Hard to Please.

Mr. Snaggs was accosted on the street the other day by a beggar who was covered with a very remarkable mass of patched and ragged garments and who said: "Mister, haven't you some old clothes you could give a fellow?"

Snaggs surveyed the beggar from head to foot and then asked: "Are not the clothes you have on old enough for you?"

Lax-ets 5 C Sweet to Eat
A Candy Board Laundry.